MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

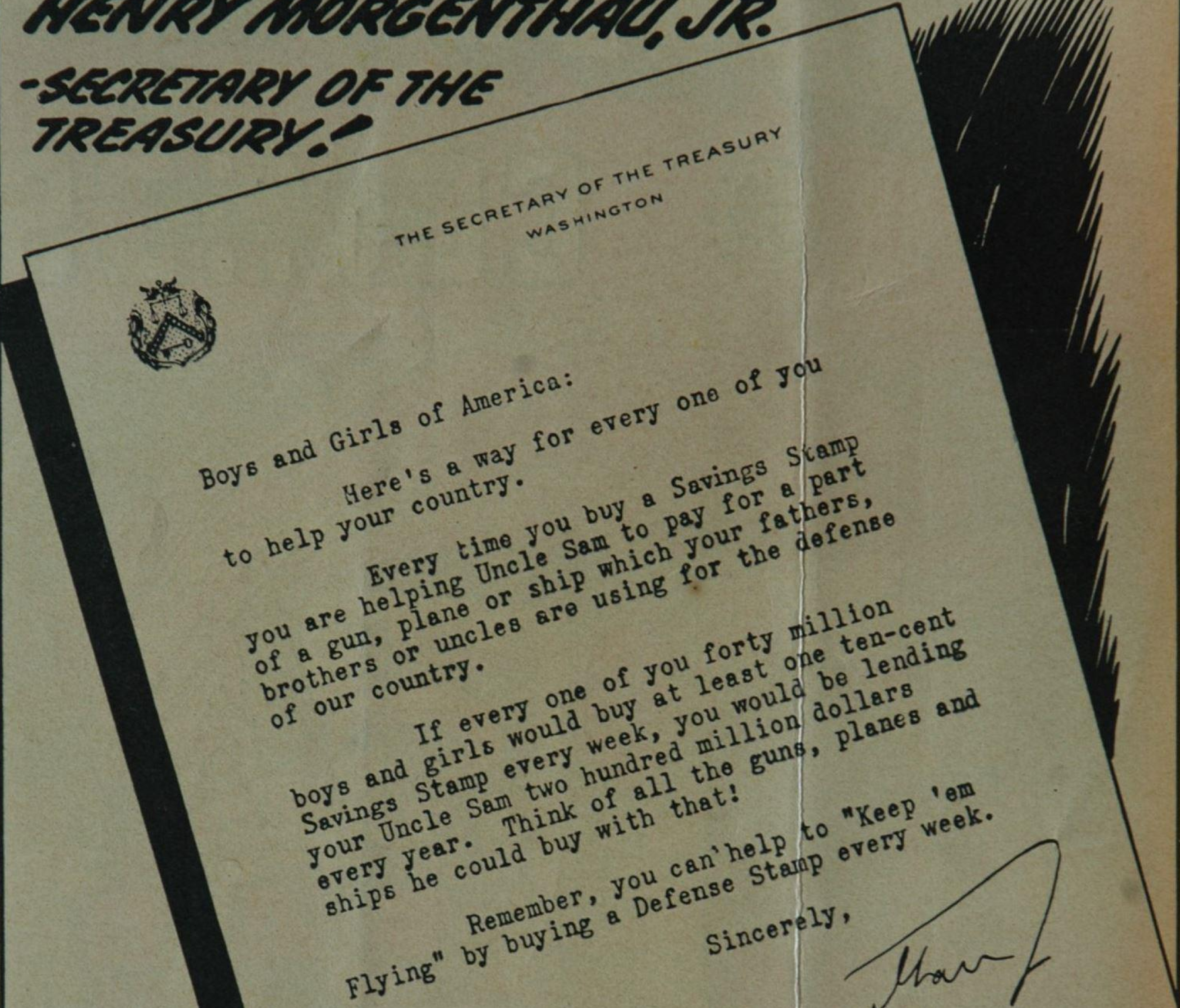
10¢

NO. 37

NOVEMBER

A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY!



THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON

Boys and Girls of America:

Here's a way for every one of you to help your country.

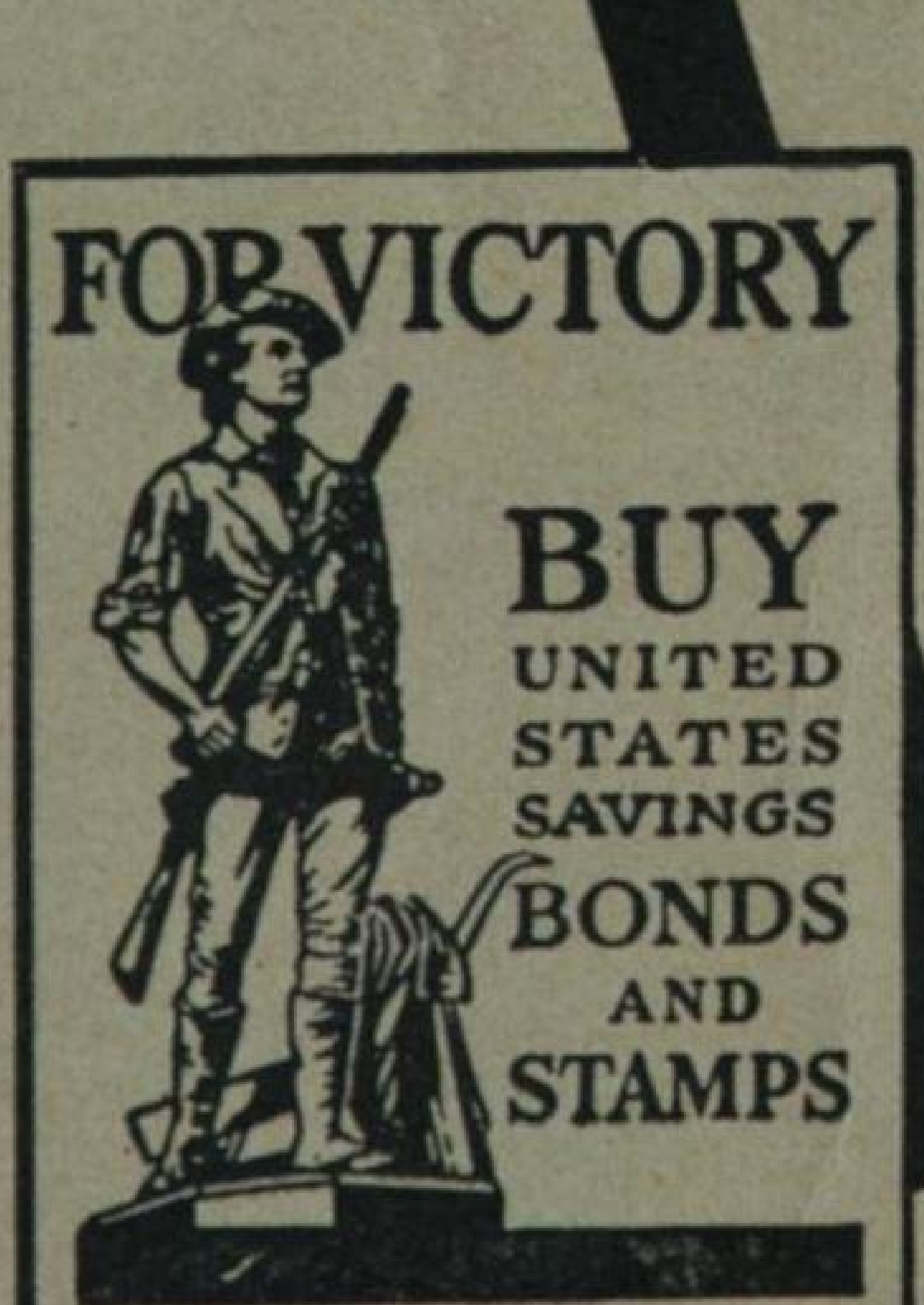
Every time you buy a Savings Stamp you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers, brothers or uncles are using for the defense of our country.

If every one of you forty million boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars every year. Think of all the guns, planes and ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

Henry Morgenthau Jr



THIS SPACE IS DONATED BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF NATIONAL DEFENSE AND VICTORY!

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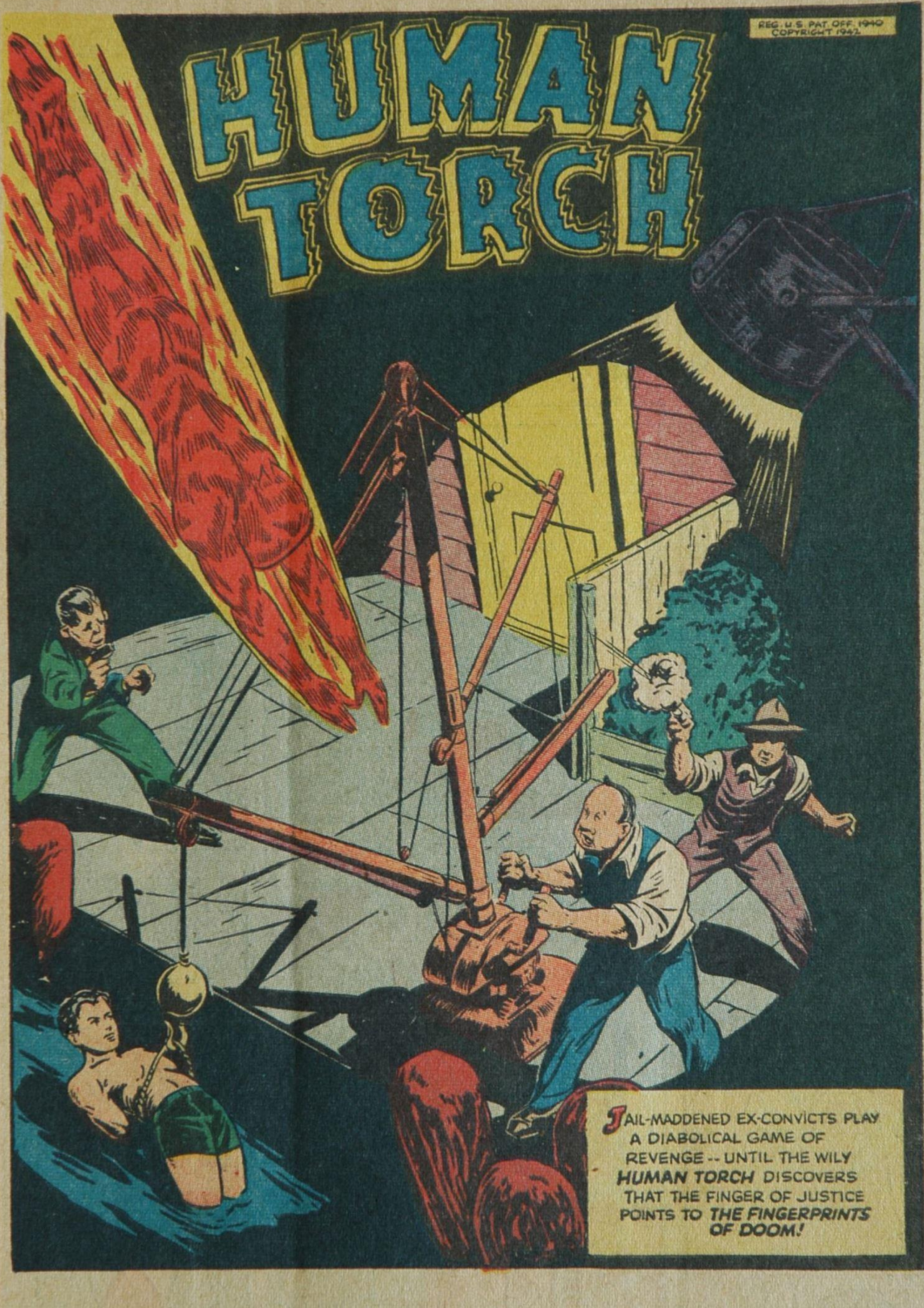
HUMAN TORCH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
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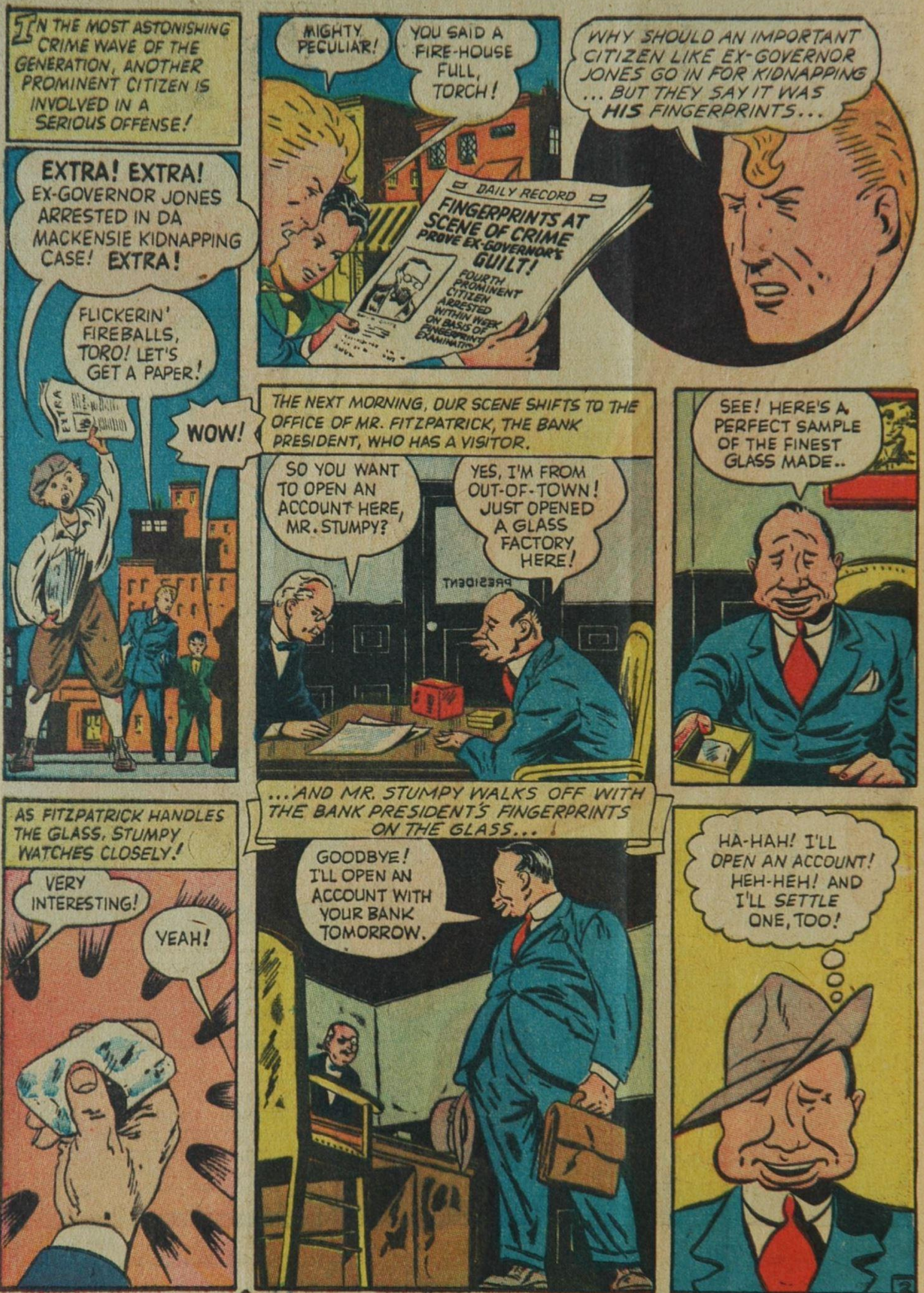
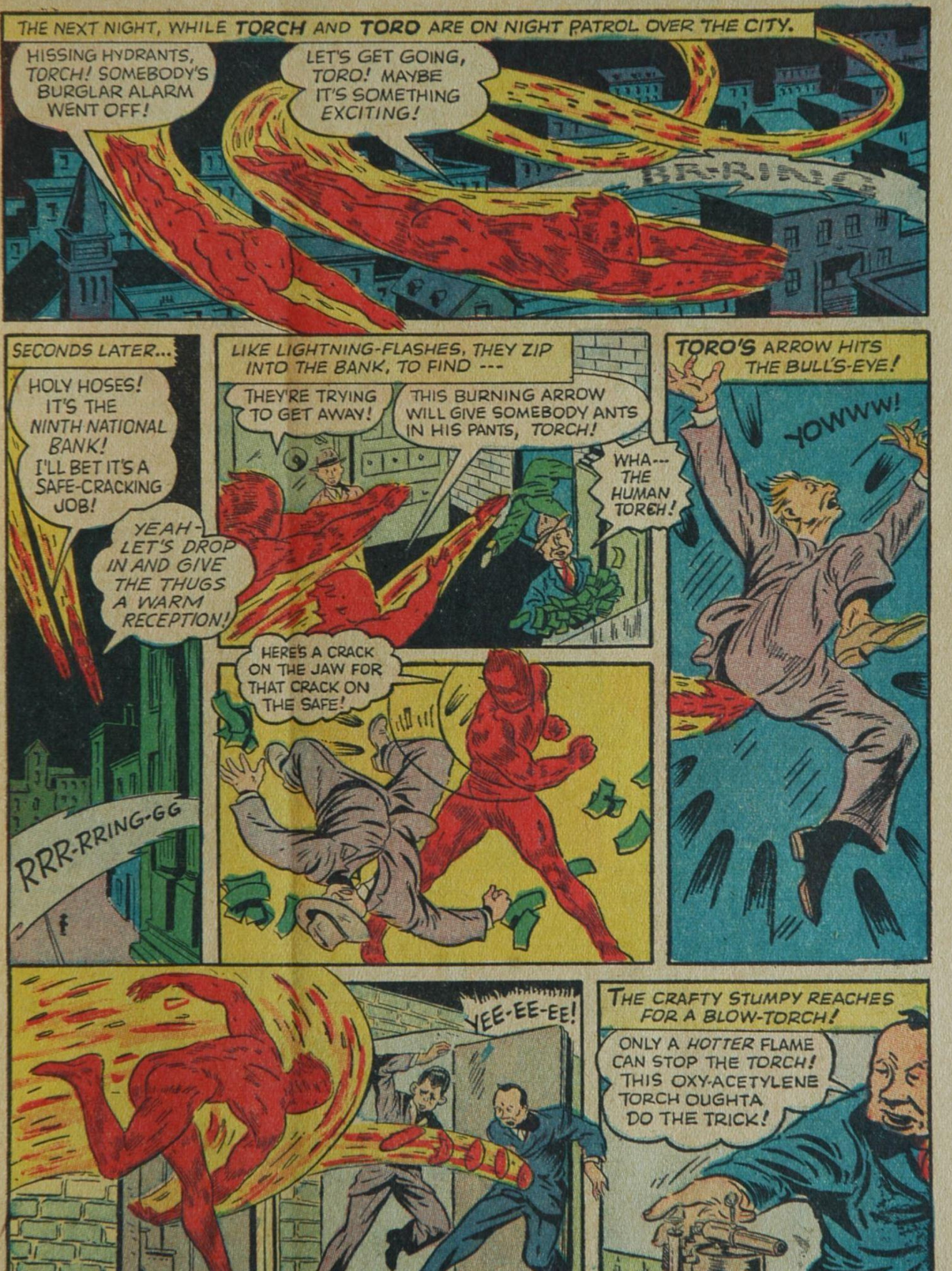
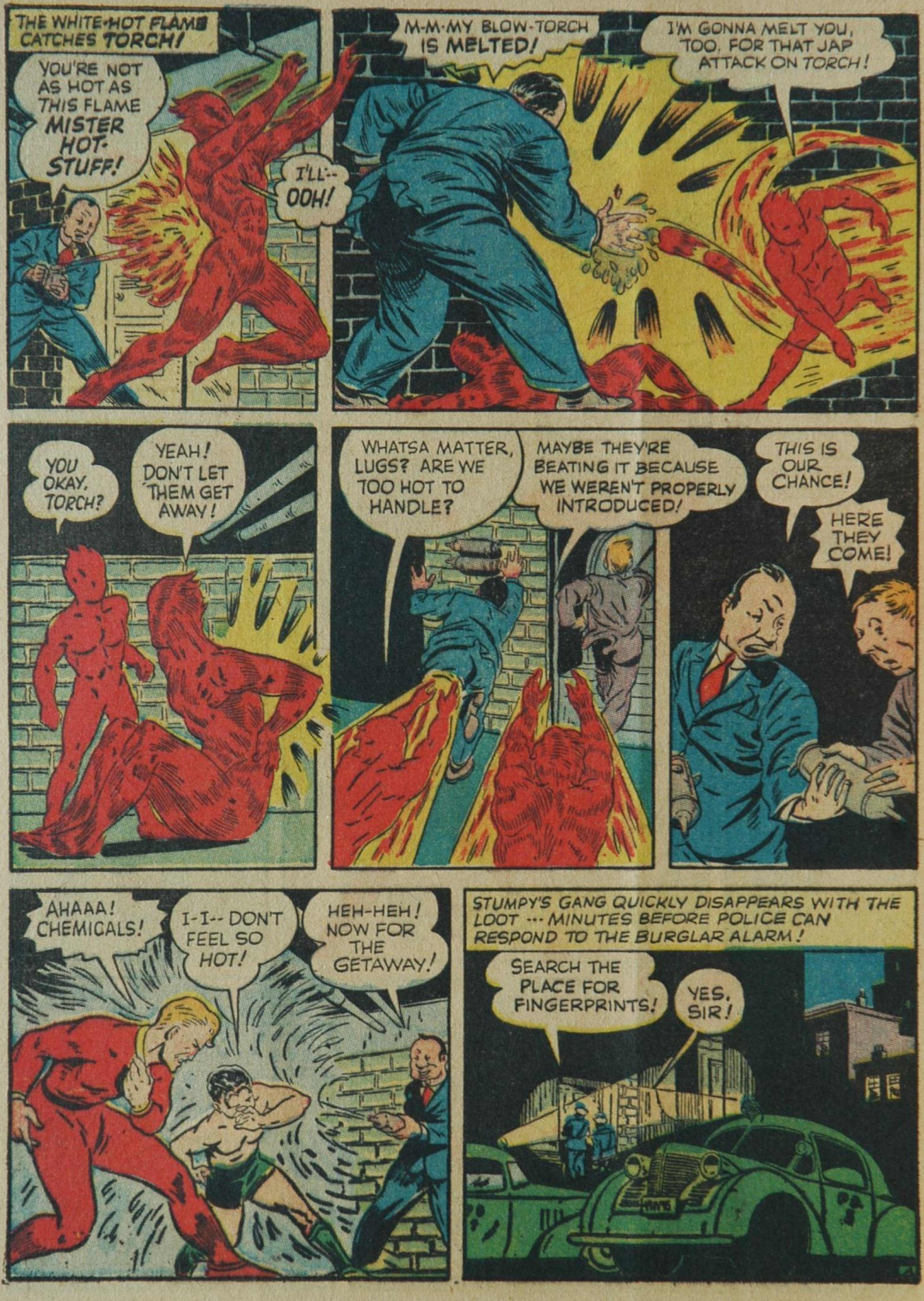
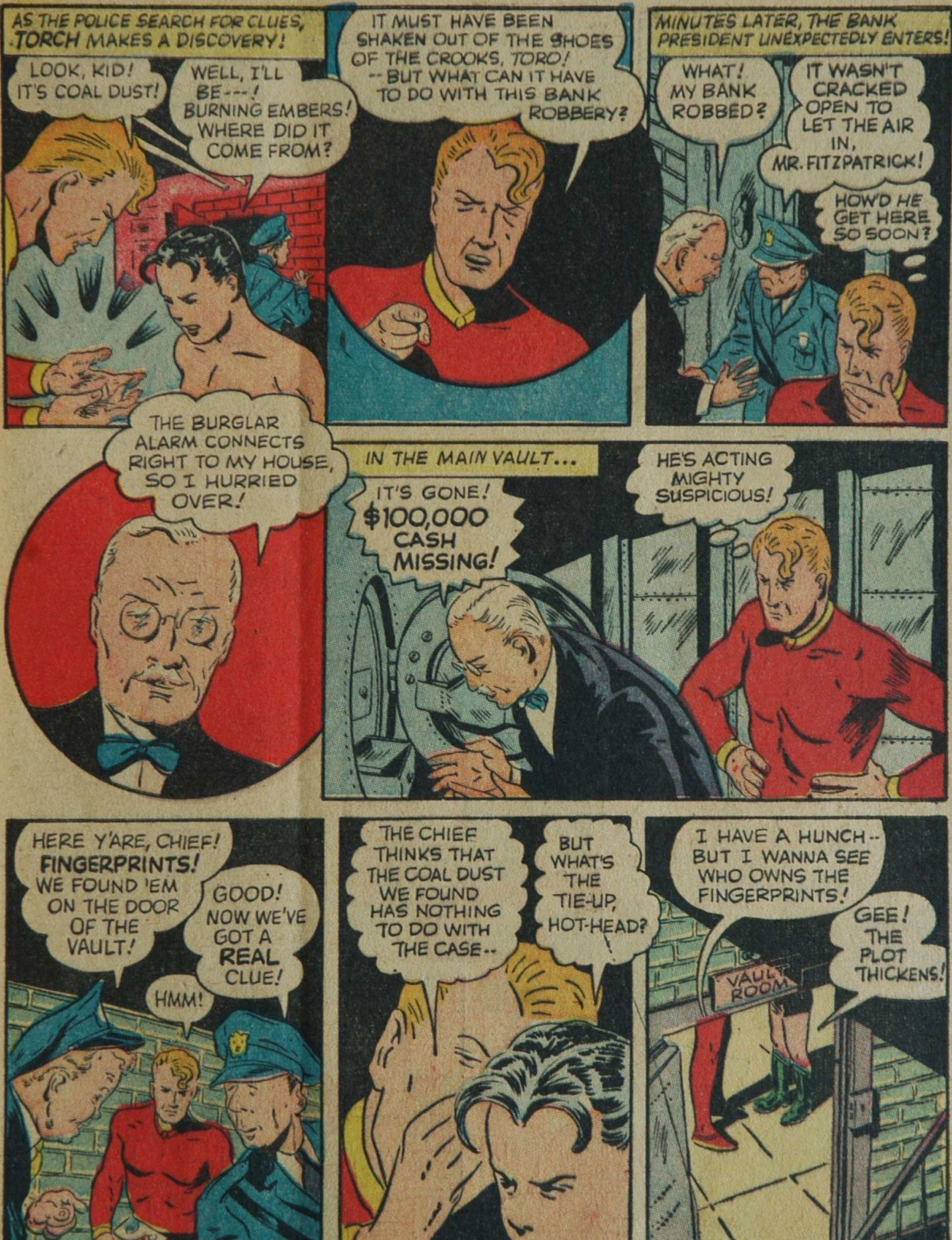
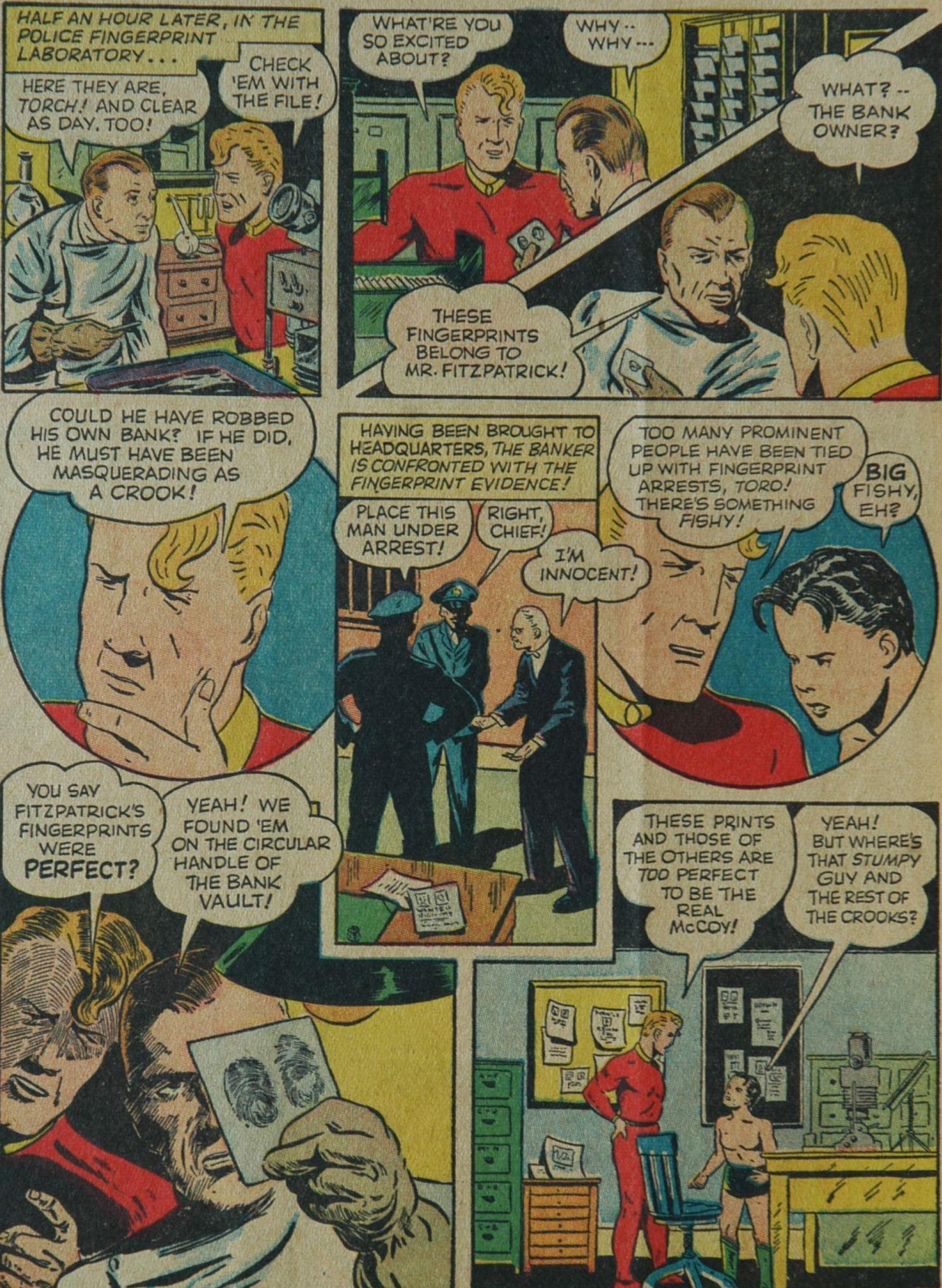
JAIL-MADDENED EX-CONVICTS PLAY A DIABOLICAL GAME OF REVENGE -- UNTIL THE WILY HUMAN TORCH DISCOVERS THAT THE FINGER OF JUSTICE POINTS TO THE FINGERPRINTS OF DOOM!

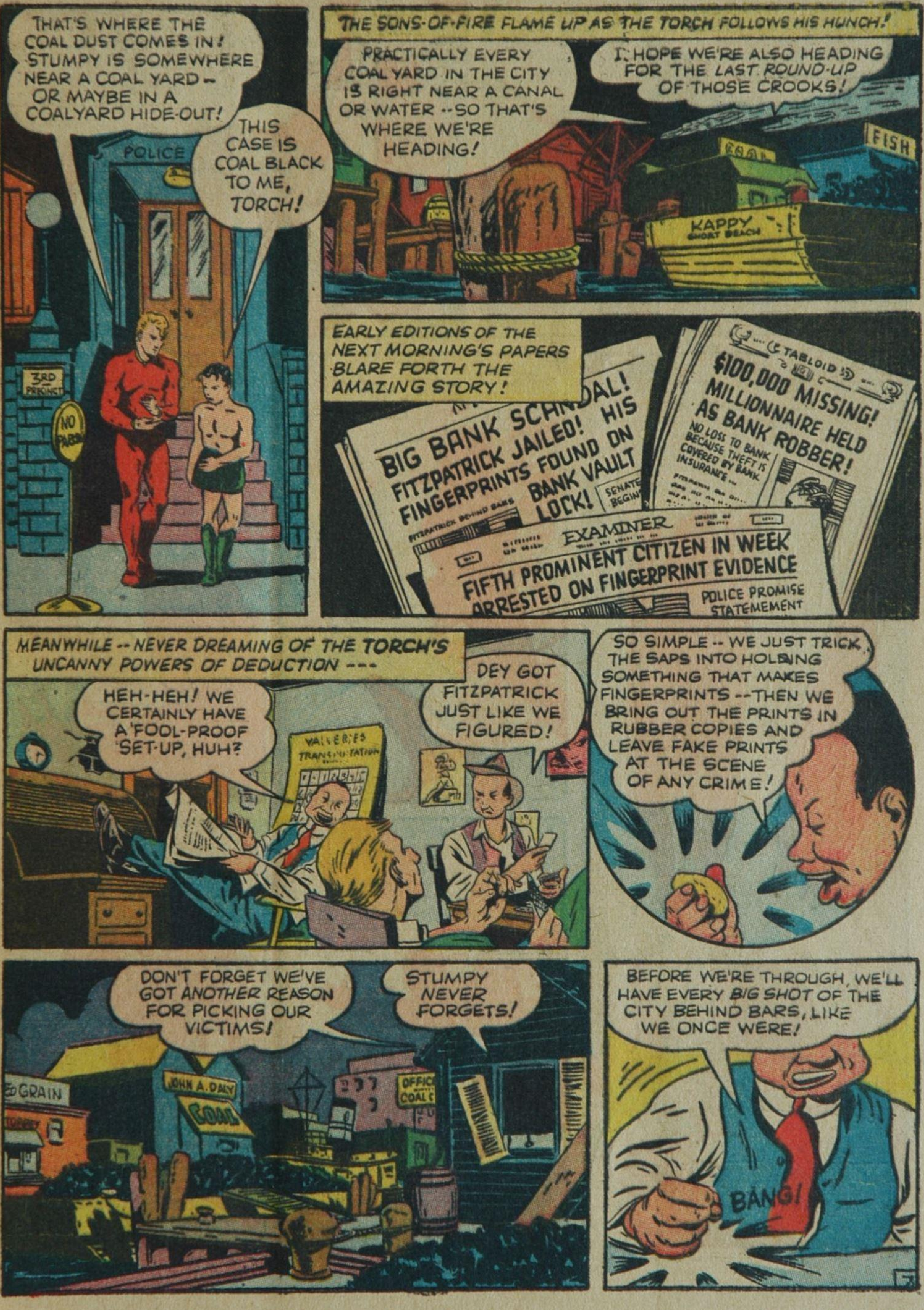

IN THE MOST ASTONISHING CRIME WAVE OF THE GENERATION, ANOTHER PROMINENT CITIZEN IS INVOLVED IN A SERIOUS OFFENSE!
EXTRA! EXTRA! EX-GOVERNOR JONES ARRESTED IN DA MACKENSIE KIDNAPPING CASE! EXTRA!
FLICKERIN' FIREBALLS, TORO! LET'S GET A PAPER!
EXTRA
WOW!
MIGHTY PECULIAR!
YOU SAID A FIRE-HOUSE FULL, TORCH!
DAILY RECORD
FINGERPRINTS AT SCENE OF CRIME PROVE EX-GOVERNOR'S GUILT!
FOURTH PROMINENT CITIZEN ARRESTED WITHIN WEEK ON BASIS OF FINGERPRINTS EXAMINATI
WHY SHOULD AN IMPORTANT CITIZEN LIKE EX-GOVERNOR JONES GO IN FOR KIDNAPPING ... BUT THEY SAY IT WAS HIS FINGERPRINTS...
THE NEXT MORNING, OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO THE OFFICE OF MR. FITZPATRICK, THE BANK PRESIDENT, WHO HAS A VISITOR.
SO YOU WANT TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT HERE, MR. STUMPY?
YES, I'M FROM OUT-OF-TOWN! JUST OPENED A GLASS FACTORY HERE!
PRESIDENT
SEE! HERE'S A PERFECT SAMPLE OF THE FINEST GLASS MADE..
AS FITZPATRICK HANDLES THE GLASS, STUMPY WATCHES CLOSELY!
VERY INTERESTING!
YEAH!
...AND MR. STUMPY WALKS OFF WITH THE BANK PRESIDENT'S FINGERPRINTS ON THE GLASS...
GOODBYE! I'LL OPEN AN ACCOUNT WITH YOUR BANK TOMORROW.
HA-HAH! I'LL OPEN AN ACCOUNT! HEH-HEH! AND I'LL SETTLE ONE, TOO!

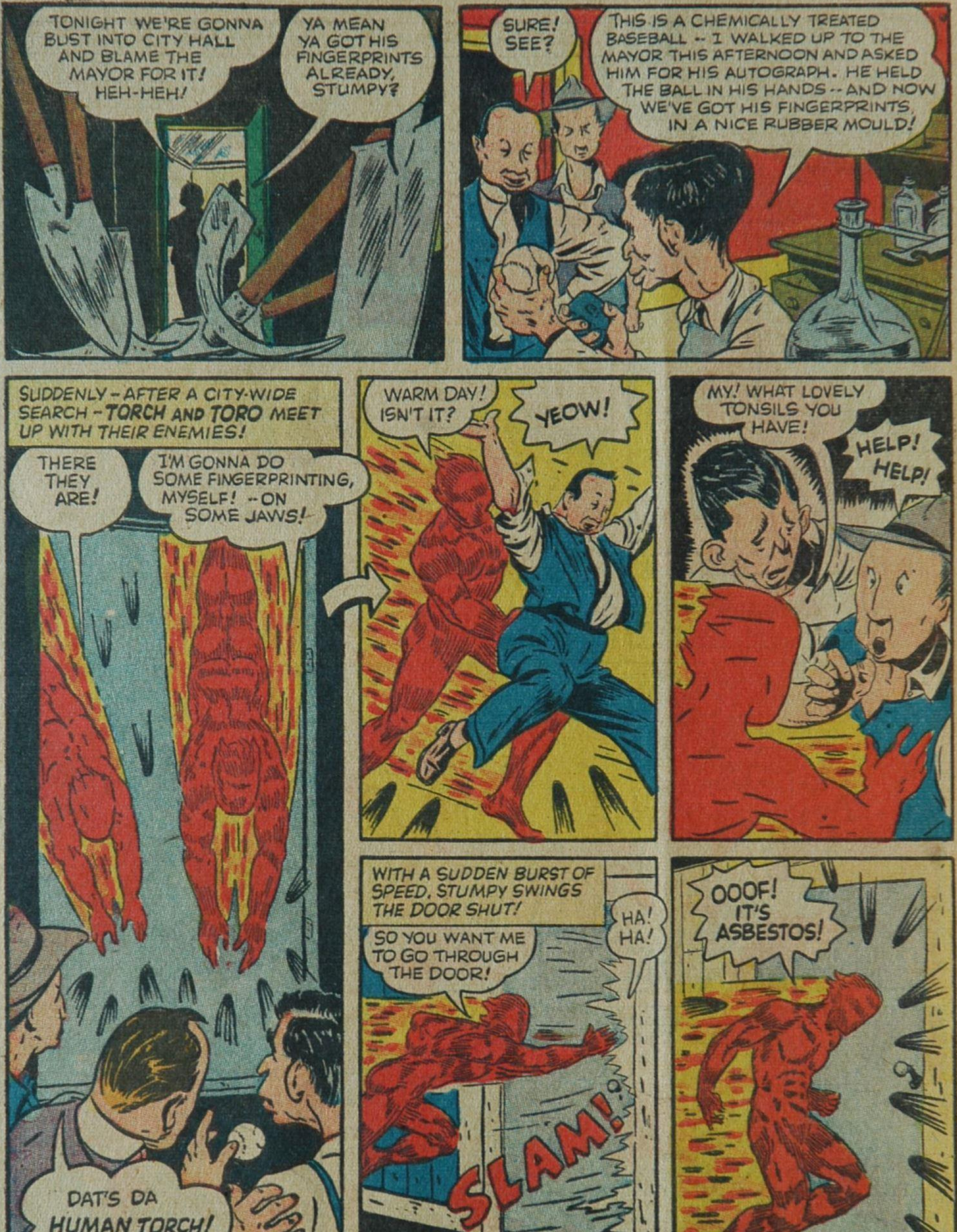

THE NEXT NIGHT, WHILE TORCH AND TORO ARE ON NIGHT PATROL OVER THE CITY.
HISSING HYDRANTS, TORCH! SOMEBODY'S BURGLAR ALARM WENT OFF!
LET'S GET GOING, TORO! MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING EXCITING!
BR-RING
SECONDS LATER...
HOLY HOSES! IT'S THE NINTH NATIONAL BANK! I'LL BET IT'S A SAFE-CRACKING JOB!
YEAH- LET'S DROP IN AND GIVE THE THUGS A WARM RECEPTION!
RRR-RRING-GG
LIKE LIGHTNING-FLASHES, THEY ZIP INTO THE BANK, TO FIND ---
THEY'RE TRYING TO GET AWAY!
THIS BURNING ARROW WILL GIVE SOMEBODY ANTS IN HIS PANTS, TORCH!
WHA--- THE HUMAN TORCH!
HERE'S A CRACK ON THE JAW FOR THAT CRACK ON THE SAFE!
TORO'S ARROW HITS THE BULL'S-EYE!
YOWWW!
YEE-EE-EE!
THE CRAFTY STUMPY REACHES FOR A BLOW-TORCH!
ONLY A HOTTER FLAME CAN STOP THE TORCH! THIS OXY-ACETYLENE TORCH OUGHTA DO THE TRICK!

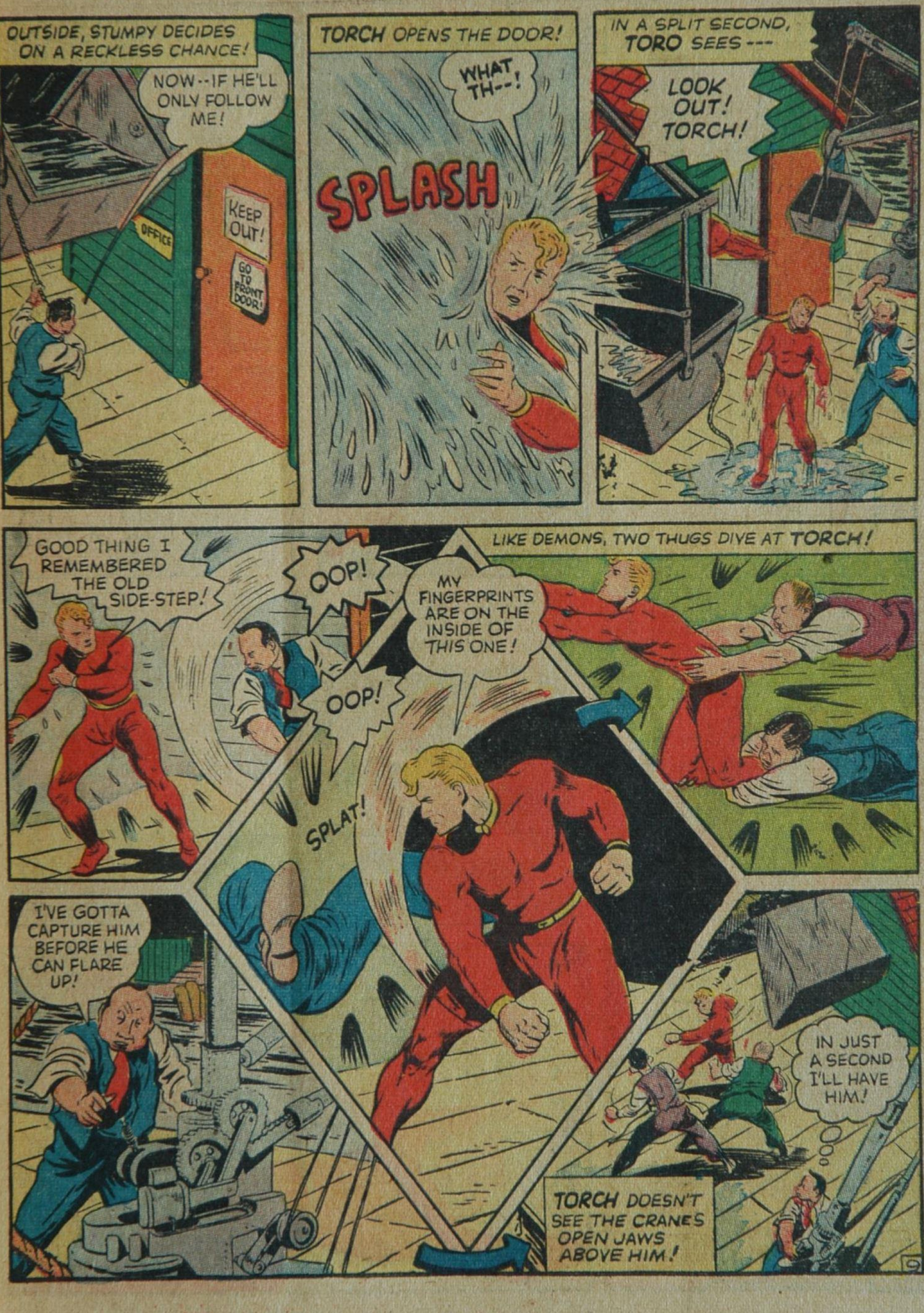

THE WHITE-HOT FLAME CATCHES TORCH!
YOU'RE NOT AS HOT AS THIS FLAME MISTER HOT-STUFF!
I'LL-- OOH!
M-M-MY BLOW-TORCH IS MELTED!
I'M GONNA MELT YOU, TOO, FOR THAT JAP ATTACK ON TORCH!
YOU OKAY, TORCH?
YEAH! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!
WHATSA MATTER, LUGS? ARE WE TOO HOT TO HANDLE?
MAYBE THEY'RE BEATING IT BECAUSE WE WEREN'T PROPERLY INTRODUCED!
THIS IS OUR CHANCE!
HERE THEY COME!
AHAAA! CHEMICALS!
I-I-- DON'T FEEL SO HOT!
HEH-HEH! NOW FOR THE GETAWAY!
STUMPY'S GANG QUICKLY DISAPPEARS WITH THE LOOT --- MINUTES BEFORE POLICE CAN RESPOND TO THE BURGLAR ALARM!
SEARCH THE PLACE FOR FINGERPRINTS!
YES, SIR!

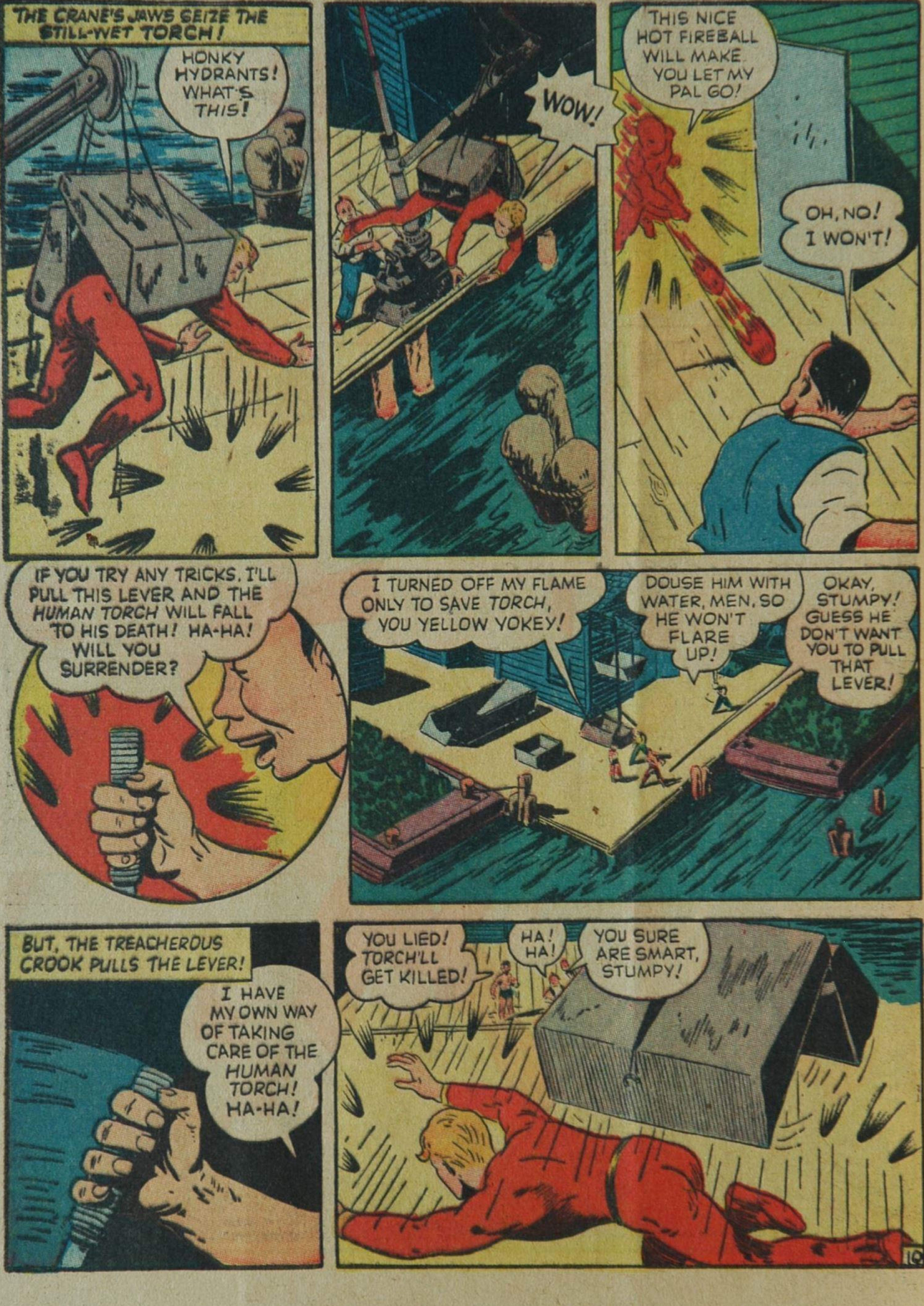

AS THE POLICE SEARCH FOR CLUES, TORCH MAKES A DISCOVERY!
LOOK, KID! IT'S COAL DUST!
WELL, I'LL BE---! BURNING EMBERS! WHERE DID IT COME FROM?
IT MUST HAVE BEEN SHAKEN OUT OF THE SHOES OF THE CROOKS, TORO! --BUT WHAT CAN IT HAVE TO DO WITH THIS BANK ROBBERY?
MINUTES LATER, THE BANK PRESIDENT UNEXPECTEDLY ENTERS!
WHAT! MY BANK ROBBED?
IT WASN'T CRACKED OPEN TO LET THE AIR IN, MR. FITZPATRICK!
HOW'D HE GET HERE SO SOON?
THE BURGLAR ALARM CONNECTS RIGHT TO MY HOUSE, SO I HURRIED OVER!
IN THE MAIN VAULT...
IT'S GONE! $100,000 CASH MISSING!
HE'S ACTING MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS!
HERE Y'ARE, CHIEF! FINGERPRINTS! WE FOUND 'EM ON THE DOOR OF THE VAULT!
GOOD! NOW WE'VE GOT A REAL CLUE!
HMM!
THE CHIEF THINKS THAT THE COAL DUST WE FOUND HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE CASE--
BUT WHAT'S THE TIE-UP, HOT-HEAD?
I HAVE A HUNCH--BUT I WANNA SEE WHO OWNS THE FINGERPRINTS!
VAULT ROOM
GEE! THE PLOT THICKENS!
5

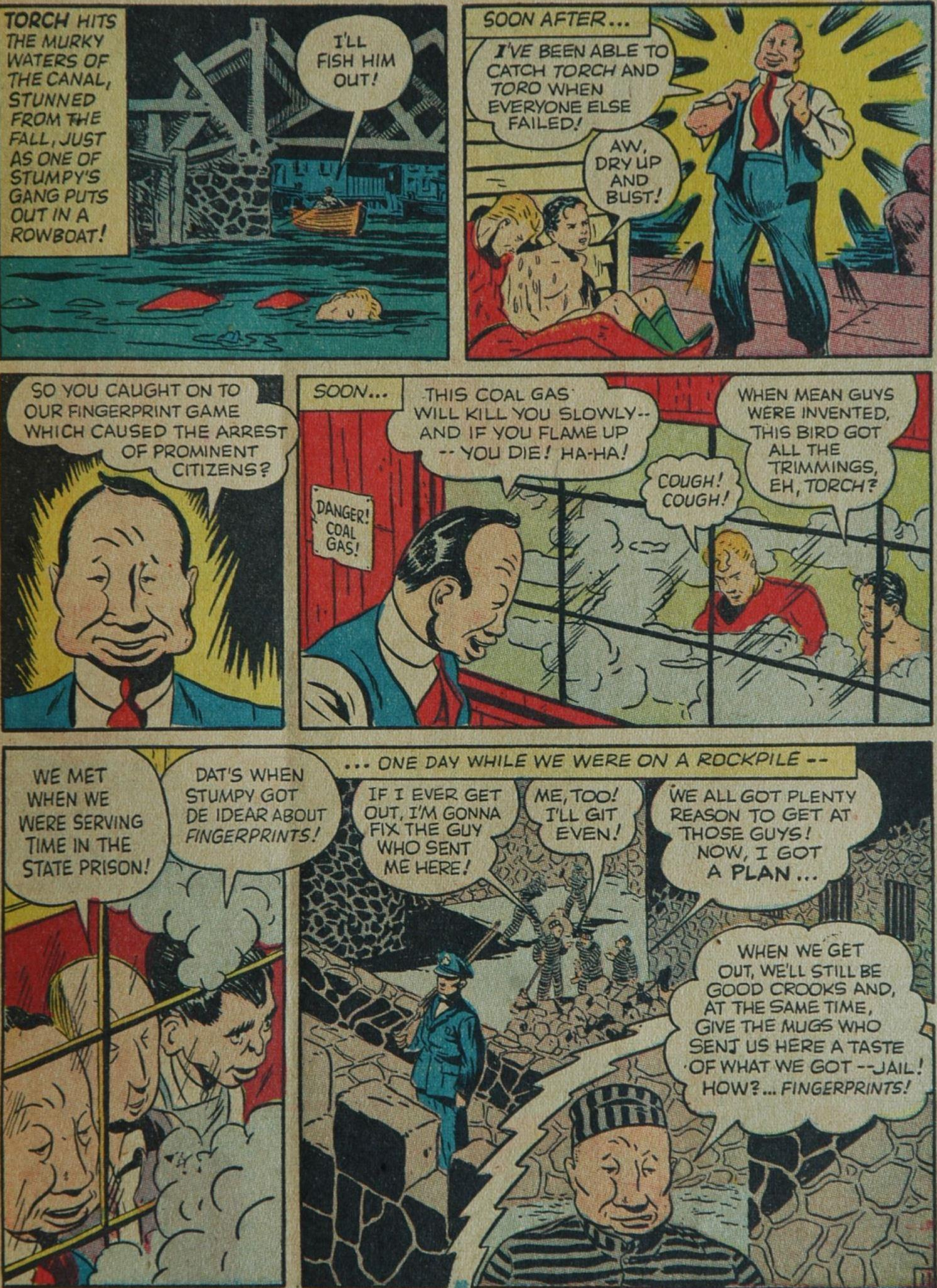

HALF AN HOUR LATER, IN THE POLICE FINGERPRINT LABORATORY...
HERE THEY ARE, TORCH! AND CLEAR AS DAY, TOO!
CHECK 'EM WITH THE FILE!
WHAT'RE YOU SO EXCITED ABOUT?
WHY-- WHY---
THESE FINGERPRINTS BELONG TO MR. FITZPATRICK!
WHAT? -- THE BANK OWNER?
COULD HE HAVE ROBBED HIS OWN BANK? IF HE DID, HE MUST HAVE BEEN MASQUERADING AS A CROOK!
HAVING BEEN BROUGHT TO HEADQUARTERS, THE BANKER IS CONFRONTED WITH THE FINGERPRINT EVIDENCE!
PLACE THIS MAN UNDER ARREST!
RIGHT, CHIEF!
I'M INNOCENT!
TOO MANY PROMINENT PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TIED UP WITH FINGERPRINT ARRESTS, TORO! THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY!
BIG FISHY, EH?
YOU SAY FITZPATRICK'S FINGERPRINTS WERE PERFECT?
YEAH! WE FOUND 'EM ON THE CIRCULAR HANDLE OF THE BANK VAULT!
THESE PRINTS AND THOSE OF THE OTHERS ARE TOO PERFECT TO BE THE REAL McCOY!
YEAH! BUT WHERE'S THAT STUMPY GUY AND THE REST OF THE CROOKS?

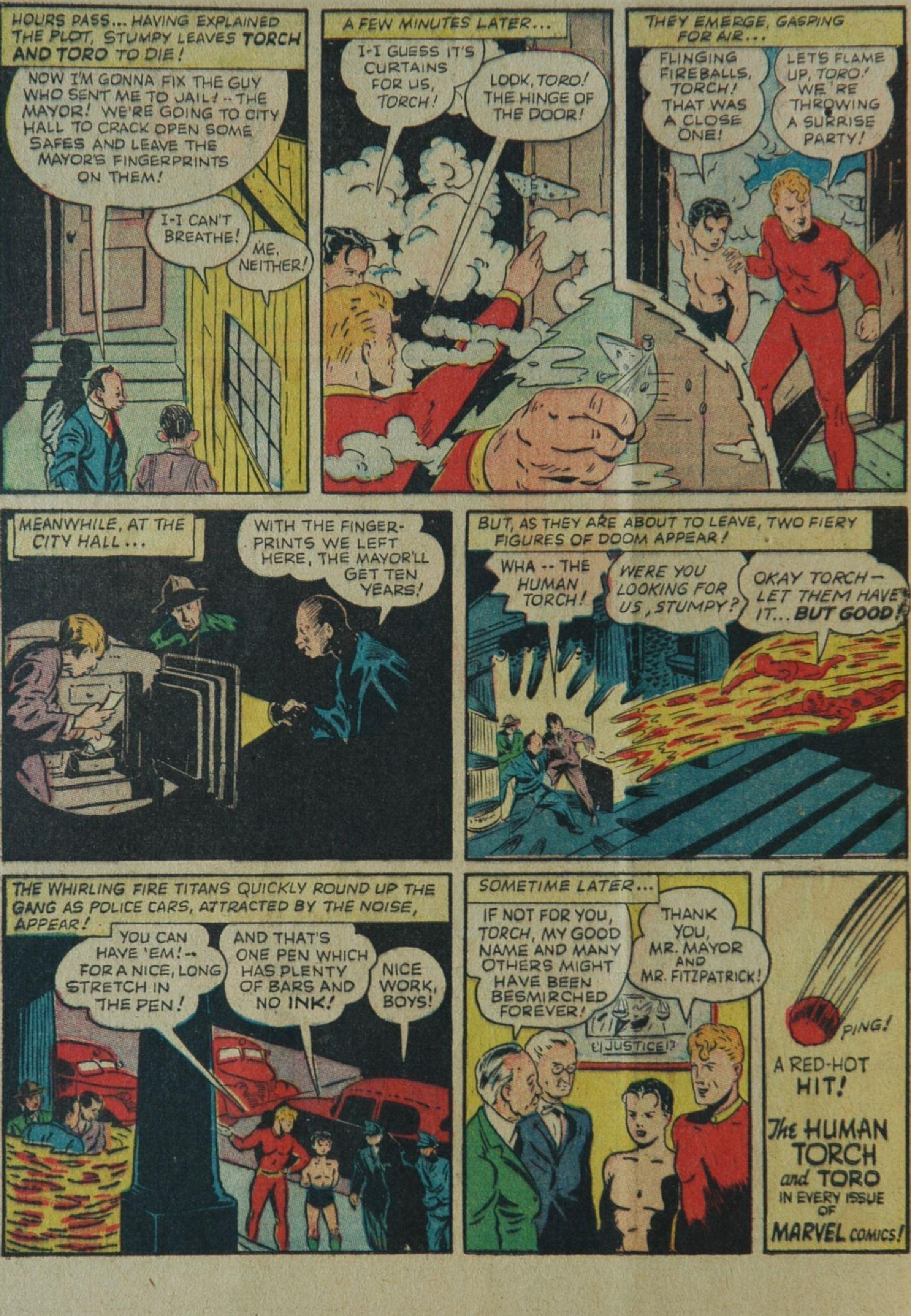

THAT'S WHERE THE COAL DUST COMES IN! STUMPY IS SOMEWHERE NEAR A COAL YARD -- OR MAYBE IN A COALYARD HIDE-OUT!
THIS CASE IS COAL BLACK TO ME, TORCH!
POLICE
3RD PRECINCT
NO PARKING
THE SONS-OF-FIRE FLAME UP AS THE TORCH FOLLOWS HIS HUNCH!
PRACTICALLY EVERY COAL YARD IN THE CITY IS RIGHT NEAR A CANAL OR WATER -- SO THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADING!
I HOPE WE'RE ALSO HEADING FOR THE LAST ROUND-UP OF THOSE CROOKS!
COAL
FISH
KAPPY
SHORT BEACH
EARLY EDITIONS OF THE NEXT MORNING'S PAPERS BLARE FORTH THE AMAZING STORY!
BIG BANK SCANDAL! FITZPATRICK JAILED! HIS FINGERPRINTS FOUND ON BANK VAULT LOCK!
FITZPATRICK BEHIND BARS
SENATE BEGIN
TABLOID
$100,000 MISSING! MILLIONNAIRE HELD AS BANK ROBBER!
NO LOSS TO BANK BECAUSE THEFT IS COVERED BY BANK INSURANCE...
EXAMINER
FIFTH PROMINENT CITIZEN IN WEEK ARRESTED ON FINGERPRINT EVIDENCE
POLICE PROMISE STATEMEMENT
MEANWHILE -- NEVER DREAMING OF THE TORCH'S UNCANNY POWERS OF DEDUCTION ---
HEH-HEH! WE CERTAINLY HAVE A 'FOOL-PROOF' SET-UP, HUH?
DEY GOT FITZPATRICK JUST LIKE WE FIGURED!
VALVERDES TRANSPORTATION
SO SIMPLE -- WE JUST TRICK THE SAPS INTO HOLDING SOMETHING THAT MAKES FINGERPRINTS -- THEN WE BRING OUT THE PRINTS IN RUBBER COPIES AND LEAVE FAKE PRINTS AT THE SCENE OF ANY CRIME!
DON'T FORGET WE'VE GOT ANOTHER REASON FOR PICKING OUR VICTIMS!
STUMPY NEVER FORGETS!
GRAIN
JOHN A. DALY
COAL
OFFICE
COAL
BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH, WE'LL HAVE EVERY BIG SHOT OF THE CITY BEHIND BARS, LIKE WE ONCE WERE!
BANG!


TONIGHT WE'RE GONNA BUST INTO CITY HALL AND BLAME THE MAYOR FOR IT! HEH-HEH!
YA MEAN YA GOT HIS FINGERPRINTS ALREADY, STUMPY?
SURE! SEE?
THIS IS A CHEMICALLY TREATED BASEBALL -- I WALKED UP TO THE MAYOR THIS AFTERNOON AND ASKED HIM FOR HIS AUTOGRAPH. HE HELD THE BALL IN HIS HANDS -- AND NOW WE'VE GOT HIS FINGERPRINTS, IN A NICE RUBBER MOULD!
SUDDENLY - AFTER A CITY-WIDE SEARCH - TORCH AND TORO MEET UP WITH THEIR ENEMIES!
THERE THEY ARE!
I'M GONNA DO SOME FINGERPRINTING, MYSELF! --ON SOME JAWS!
DAT'S DA HUMAN TORCH! --RUN!
WARM DAY! ISN'T IT?
YEOW!
MY! WHAT LOVELY TONSILS YOU HAVE!
HELP! HELP!
WITH A SUDDEN BURST OF SPEED, STUMPY SWINGS THE DOOR SHUT!
SO YOU WANT ME TO GO THROUGH THE DOOR!
HA! HA!
SLAM!
OOOF! IT'S ASBESTOS!


OUTSIDE, STUMPY DECIDES ON A RECKLESS CHANCE!
NOW--IF HE'LL ONLY FOLLOW ME!
OFFICE
KEEP OUT!
GO TO FRONT DOOR!
TORCH OPENS THE DOOR!
WHAT TH--!
SPLASH
IN A SPLIT SECOND, TORO SEES---
LOOK OUT! TORCH!
GOOD THING I REMEMBERED THE OLD SIDE-STEP!
OOP!
OOP!
MY FINGERPRINTS ARE ON THE INSIDE OF THIS ONE!
LIKE DEMONS, TWO THUGS DIVE AT TORCH!
SPLAT!
I'VE GOTTA CAPTURE HIM BEFORE HE CAN FLARE UP!
IN JUST A SECOND I'LL HAVE HIM!
TORCH DOESN'T SEE THE CRANE'S OPEN JAWS ABOVE HIM!


THE CRANE'S JAWS SEIZE THE STILL-WET TORCH!
HONKY HYDRANTS! WHAT'S THIS!
WOW!
THIS NICE HOT FIREBALL WILL MAKE YOU LET MY PAL GO!
OH, NO! I WON'T!
IF YOU TRY ANY TRICKS, I'LL PULL THIS LEVER AND THE HUMAN TORCH WILL FALL TO HIS DEATH! HA-HA! WILL YOU SURRENDER?
I TURNED OFF MY FLAME ONLY TO SAVE TORCH, YOU YELLOW YOKEY!
DOUSE HIM WITH WATER, MEN, SO HE WON'T FLARE UP!
OKAY, STUMPY! GUESS HE DON'T WANT YOU TO PULL THAT LEVER!
BUT, THE TREACHEROUS CROOK PULLS THE LEVER!
I HAVE MY OWN WAY OF TAKING CARE OF THE HUMAN TORCH! HA-HA!
YOU LIED! TORCH'LL GET KILLED!
HA! HA!
YOU SURE ARE SMART, STUMPY!


TORCH HITS THE MURKY WATERS OF THE CANAL, STUNNED FROM THE FALL, JUST AS ONE OF STUMPY'S GANG PUTS OUT IN A ROWBOAT!
I'LL FISH HIM OUT!
SOON AFTER...
I'VE BEEN ABLE TO CATCH TORCH AND TORO WHEN EVERYONE ELSE FAILED!
AW, DRY UP AND BUST!
SO YOU CAUGHT ON TO OUR FINGERPRINT GAME WHICH CAUSED THE ARREST OF PROMINENT CITIZENS?
SOON...
THIS COAL GAS WILL KILL YOU SLOWLY-- AND IF YOU FLAME UP -- YOU DIE! HA-HA!
DANGER! COAL GAS!
WHEN MEAN GUYS WERE INVENTED, THIS BIRD GOT ALL THE TRIMMINGS, EH, TORCH?
COUGH! COUGH!
WE MET WHEN WE WERE SERVING TIME IN THE STATE PRISON!
DAT'S WHEN STUMPY GOT DE IDEAR ABOUT FINGERPRINTS!
... ONE DAY WHILE WE WERE ON A ROCKPILE --
IF I EVER GET OUT, I'M GONNA FIX THE GUY WHO SENT ME HERE!
ME, TOO! I'LL GIT EVEN!
WE ALL GOT PLENTY REASON TO GET AT THOSE GUYS! NOW, I GOT A PLAN...
WHEN WE GET OUT, WE'LL STILL BE GOOD CROOKS AND, AT THE SAME TIME, GIVE THE MUGS WHO SENT US HERE A TASTE OF WHAT WE GOT --JAIL! HOW?... FINGERPRINTS!


HOURS PASS... HAVING EXPLAINED THE PLOT, STUMPY LEAVES TORCH AND TORO TO DIE!
NOW I'M GONNA FIX THE GUY WHO SENT ME TO JAIL! -- THE MAYOR! WE'RE GOING TO CITY HALL TO CRACK OPEN SOME SAFES AND LEAVE THE MAYOR'S FINGERPRINTS ON THEM!
I-I CAN'T BREATHE!
ME, NEITHER!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
I-I GUESS IT'S CURTAINS FOR US, TORCH!
LOOK, TORO! THE HINGE OF THE DOOR!
THEY EMERGE, GASPING FOR AIR...
FLINGING FIREBALLS, TORCH! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!
LET'S FLAME UP, TORO! WE'RE THROWING A SURRISE PARTY!
MEANWHILE, AT THE CITY HALL...
WITH THE FINGER-PRINTS WE LEFT HERE, THE MAYOR'LL GET TEN YEARS!
BUT, AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE, TWO FIERY FIGURES OF DOOM APPEAR!
WHA -- THE HUMAN TORCH!
WERE YOU LOOKING FOR US, STUMPY?
OKAY TORCH — LET THEM HAVE IT... BUT GOOD!
THE WHIRLING FIRE TITANS QUICKLY ROUND UP THE GANG AS POLICE CARS, ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE, APPEAR!
YOU CAN HAVE 'EM! -- FOR A NICE, LONG STRETCH IN THE PEN!
AND THAT'S ONE PEN WHICH HAS PLENTY OF BARS AND NO INK!
NICE WORK, BOYS!
SOMETIME LATER...
IF NOT FOR YOU, TORCH, MY GOOD NAME AND MANY OTHERS MIGHT HAVE BEEN BESMIRCHED FOREVER!
THANK YOU, MR. MAYOR AND MR. FITZPATRICK!
JUSTICE
PING!
A RED-HOT HIT!
The HUMAN TORCH and TORO IN EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!

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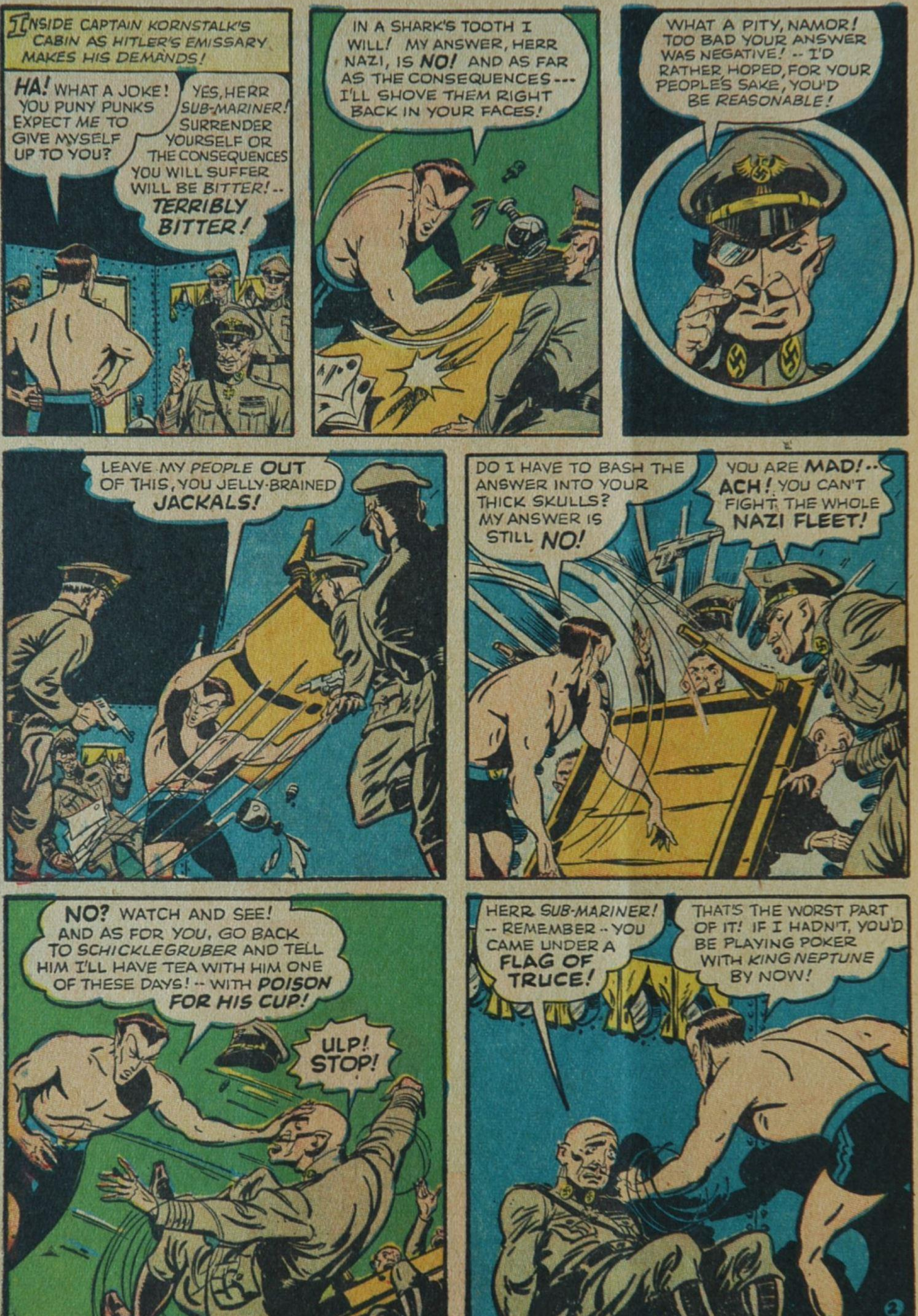
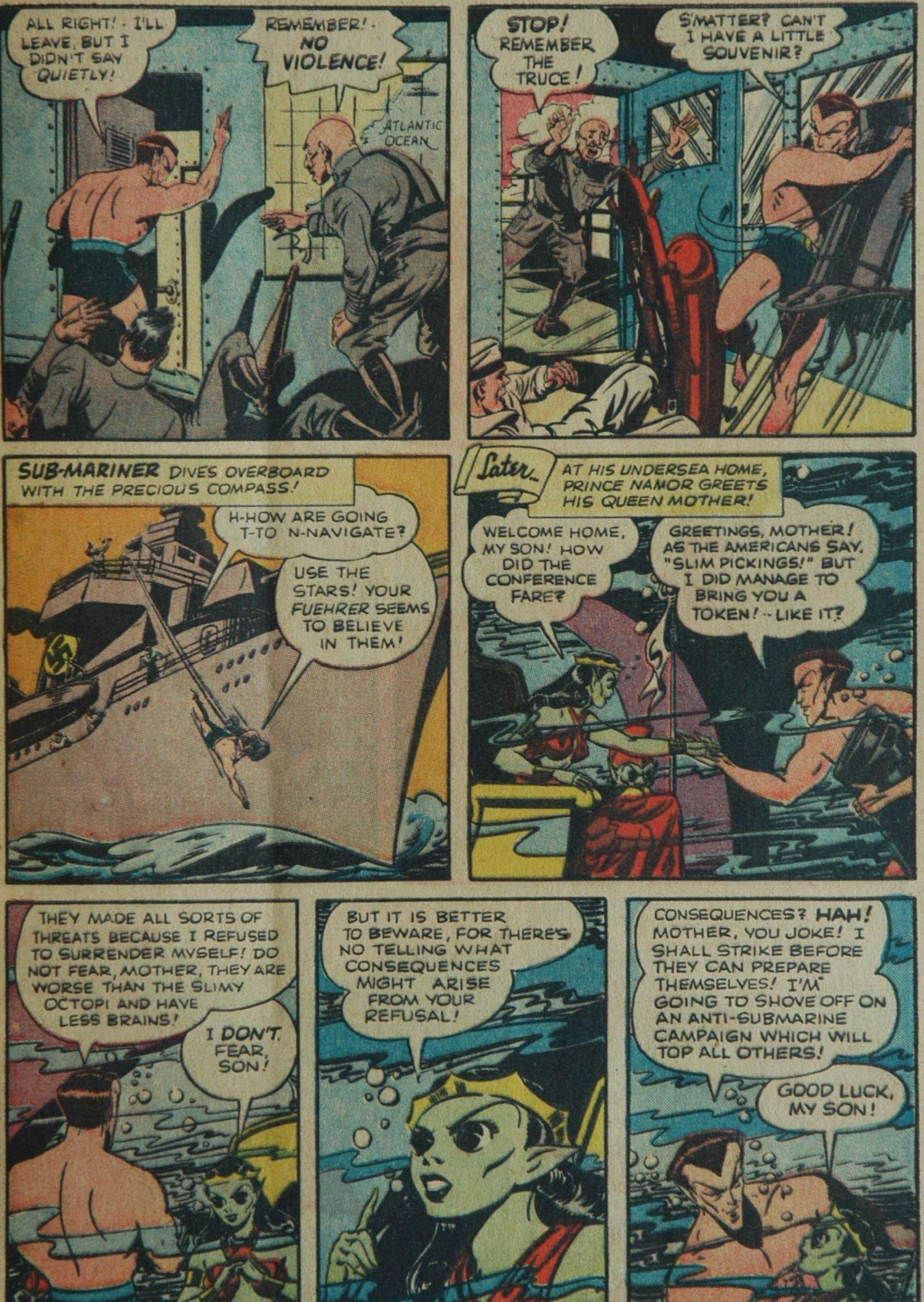
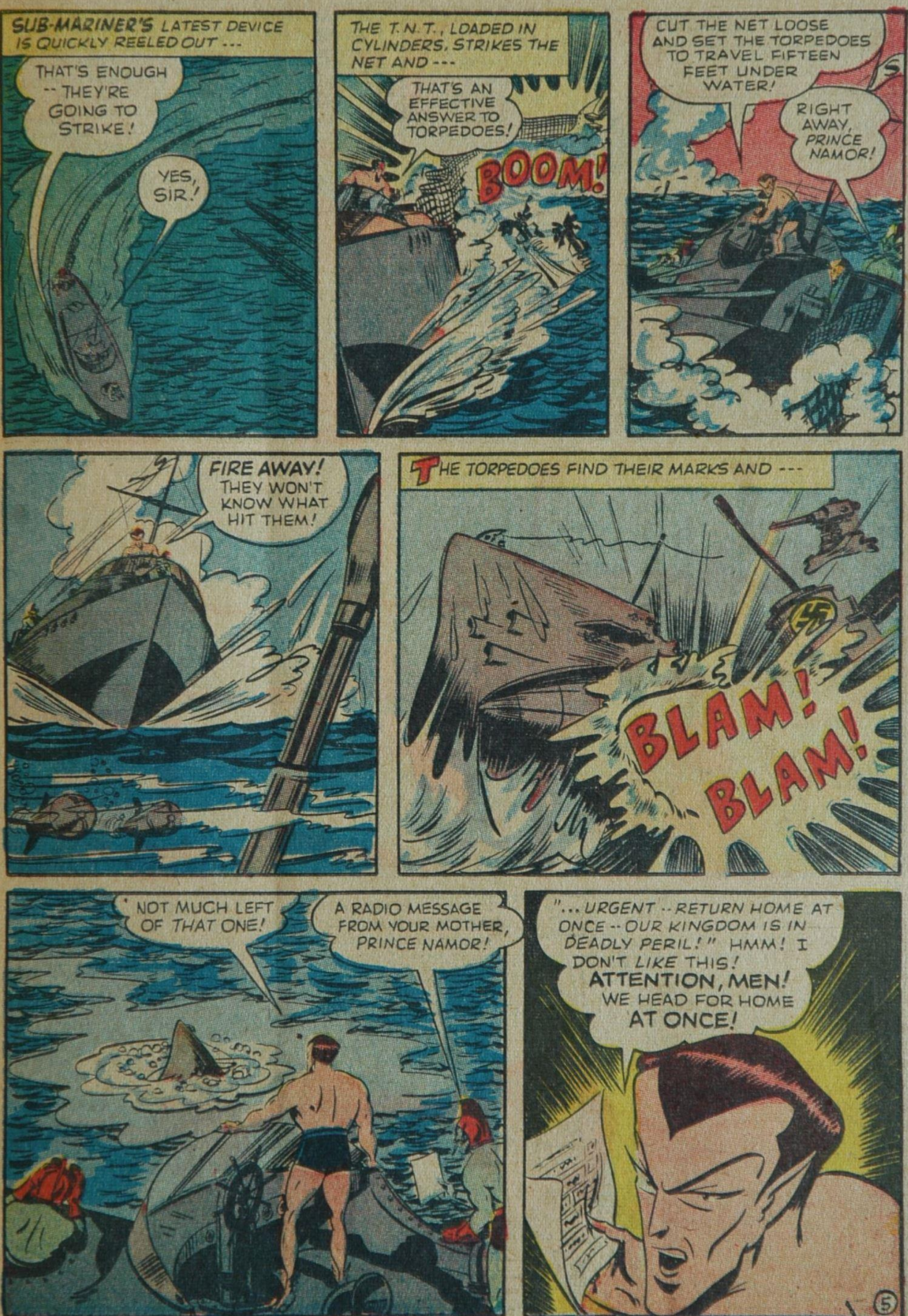
SUB-MARINER
NAMOR, *UNDERSEA PRINCE,* TRICKED INTO A MEETING WITH THE NAZIS UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE, FIGHTS AGAINST THE MOST HORRIBLE WEAPON HITLER HAS YET INVENTED!
THE COPPER PLAGUE!

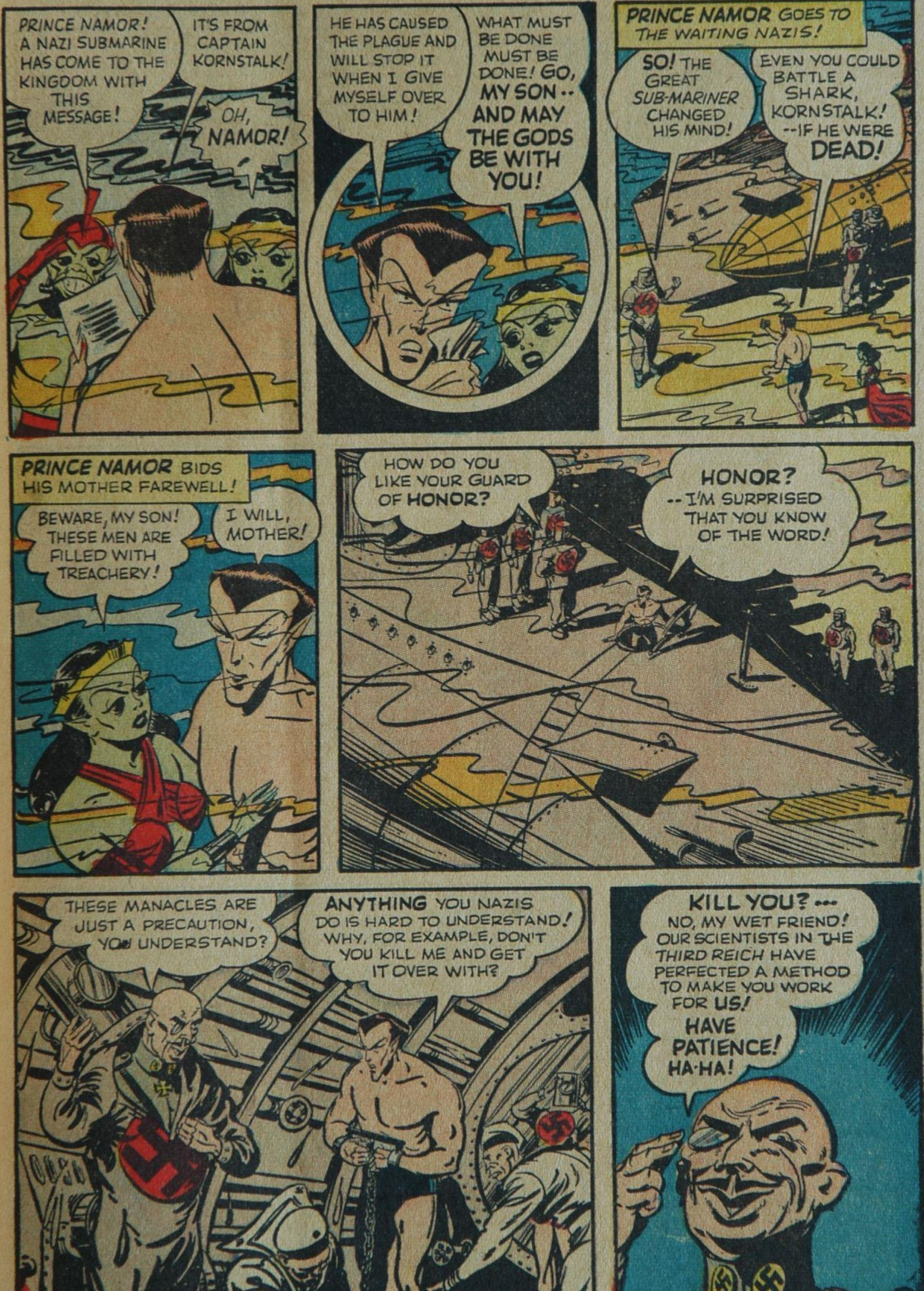

INSIDE CAPTAIN KORNSTALK'S CABIN AS HITLER'S EMISSARY MAKES HIS DEMANDS!
HA! WHAT A JOKE! YOU PUNY PUNKS EXPECT ME TO GIVE MYSELF UP TO YOU?
YES, HERR SUB-MARINER! SURRENDER YOURSELF OR THE CONSEQUENCES YOU WILL SUFFER WILL BE BITTER! -- TERRIBLY BITTER!
IN A SHARK'S TOOTH I WILL! MY ANSWER, HERR NAZI, IS NO! AND AS FAR AS THE CONSEQUENCES --- I'LL SHOVE THEM RIGHT BACK IN YOUR FACES!
WHAT A PITY, NAMOR! TOO BAD YOUR ANSWER WAS NEGATIVE! -- I'D RATHER HOPED, FOR YOUR PEOPLE'S SAKE, YOU'D BE REASONABLE!
LEAVE MY PEOPLE OUT OF THIS, YOU JELLY-BRAINED JACKALS!
DO I HAVE TO BASH THE ANSWER INTO YOUR THICK SKULLS? MY ANSWER IS STILL NO!
YOU ARE MAD! -- ACH! YOU CAN'T FIGHT THE WHOLE NAZI FLEET!
NO? WATCH AND SEE! AND AS FOR YOU, GO BACK TO SCHICKLEGRUBER AND TELL HIM I'LL HAVE TEA WITH HIM ONE OF THESE DAYS! -- WITH POISON FOR HIS CUP!
ULP! STOP!
HERR SUB-MARINER! -- REMEMBER -- YOU CAME UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE!
THAT'S THE WORST PART OF IT! IF I HADN'T, YOU'D BE PLAYING POKER WITH KING NEPTUNE BY NOW!
2

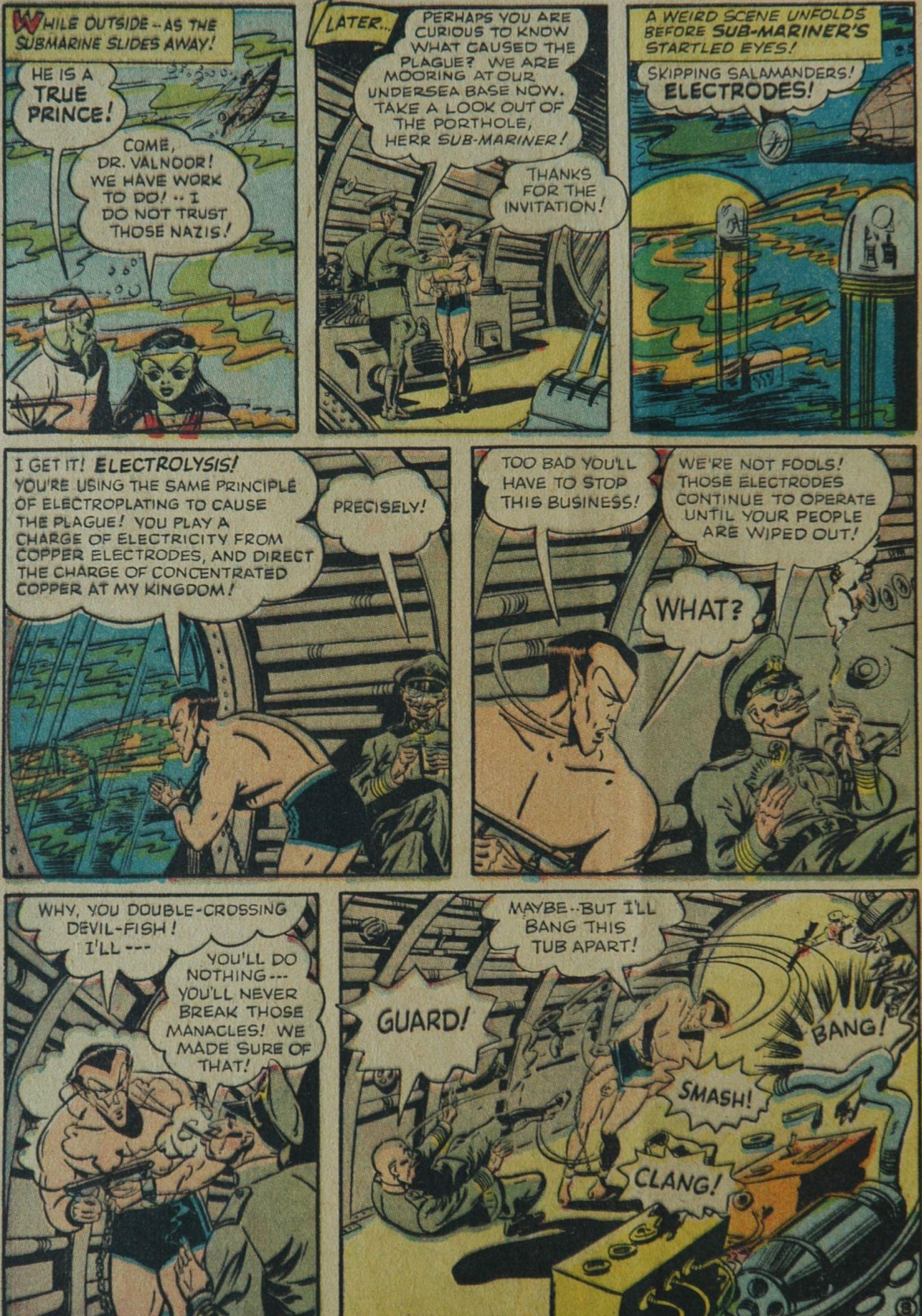

ALL RIGHT! - I'LL LEAVE, BUT I DIDN'T SAY QUIETLY!
REMEMBER! - NO VIOLENCE!
ATLANTIC OCEAN
STOP! REMEMBER THE TRUCE!
S'MATTER? CAN'T I HAVE A LITTLE SOUVENIR?
SUB-MARINER DIVES OVERBOARD WITH THE PRECIOUS COMPASS!
H-HOW ARE GOING T-TO N-NAVIGATE?
USE THE STARS! YOUR FUEHRER SEEMS TO BELIEVE IN THEM!
Later..
AT HIS UNDERSEA HOME, PRINCE NAMOR GREETS HIS QUEEN MOTHER!
WELCOME HOME, MY SON! HOW DID THE CONFERENCE FARE?
GREETINGS, MOTHER! AS THE AMERICANS SAY, "SLIM PICKINGS!" BUT I DID MANAGE TO BRING YOU A TOKEN! - LIKE IT?
THEY MADE ALL SORTS OF THREATS BECAUSE I REFUSED TO SURRENDER MYSELF! DO NOT FEAR, MOTHER, THEY ARE WORSE THAN THE SLIMY OCTOPI AND HAVE LESS BRAINS!
I DON'T FEAR, SON!
BUT IT IS BETTER TO BEWARE, FOR THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT CONSEQUENCES MIGHT ARISE FROM YOUR REFUSAL!
CONSEQUENCES? HAH! MOTHER, YOU JOKE! I SHALL STRIKE BEFORE THEY CAN PREPARE THEMSELVES! I'M GOING TO SHOVE OFF ON AN ANTI-SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN WHICH WILL TOP ALL OTHERS!
GOOD LUCK, MY SON!

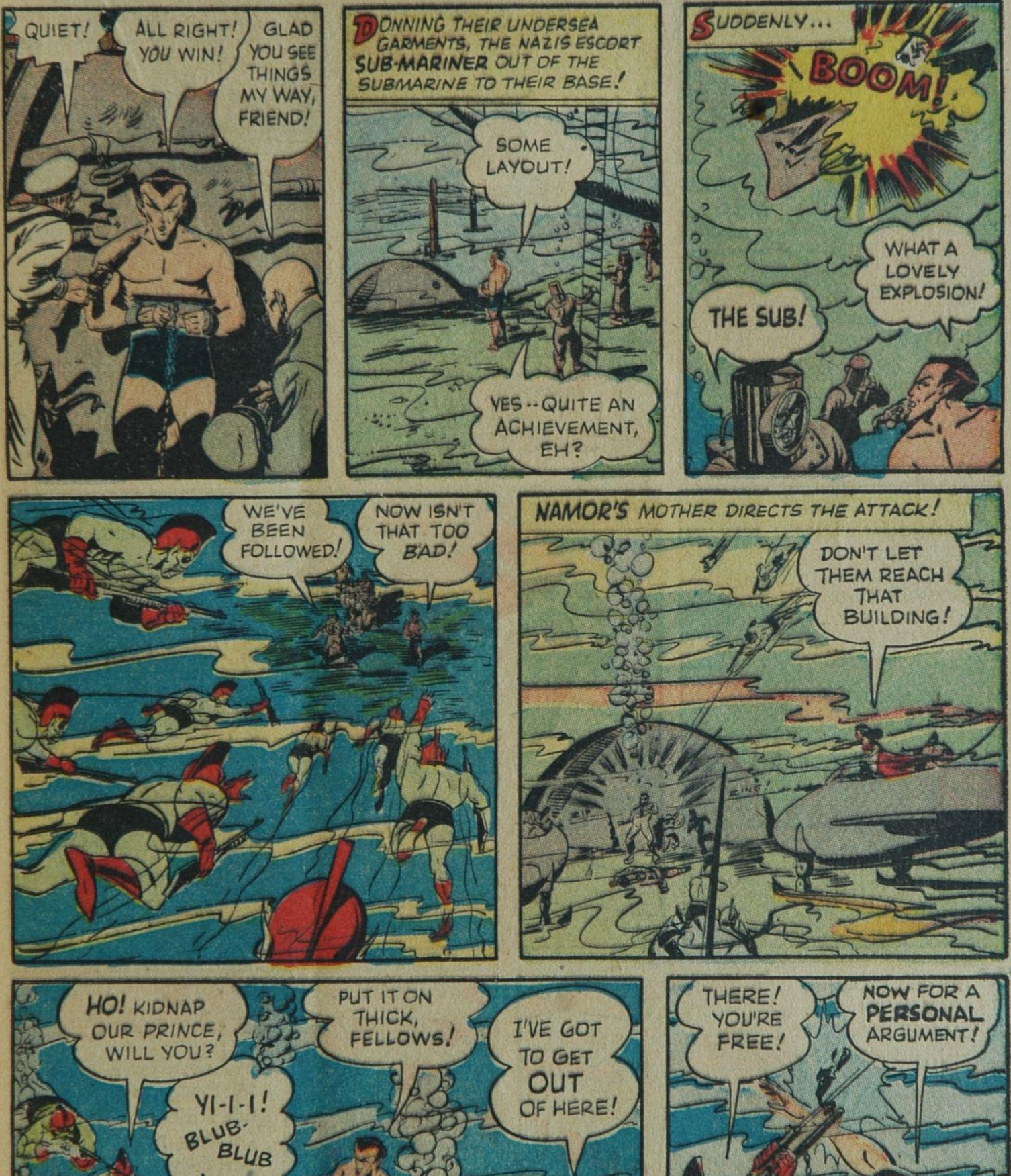
HITLER RECEIVES SUB-MARINER'S ANSWER AND IMMEDIATELY THE FUEHRER GOES INTO A CHAOTIC DANCE!
REVERSES HERE! REVERSES THERE! UND NOW DOT SUB-MARINER HAS TO REVERSE ME!
YES, MEIN FUEHRER --I MEAN NO, MEIN FUEHRER!
ALREADY DOT HUMAN WHALE HAS COST DER GREATER GERMAN PEOPLE $572,496,441.60 VORTH OF DAMAGE! IT VILL BE VORTH ANODDER $50,000,000.00 TO RID ME OF HIM! DO YOU HEAR? DO YOU?
YES, MEIN FUEHRER!
I'M NOT DEAF!
PROCEED AT ONCE WITH THE COPPER DEATH! -- UND IF YOU FAIL, YOU MIGHT AS WELL PUT YOUR GUN TO YOUR HEAD!
JA WHOL, MEIN FUEHRER!
WHILE, FAR AT SEA ...
HO HUM! WHERE ARE ALL THOSE TIN FISH ANYWAY?
JUST THEN ...
SUBMARINE, HO! DEAD AHEAD!
HA! A STRAY MERCHANTMAN! TORPEDO TUBES, NUMBER THREE AND FOUR --- FIRE!
STEADY, MEN! RELEASE THE ANTI-TORPEDO NET!
YES, SIR!
4

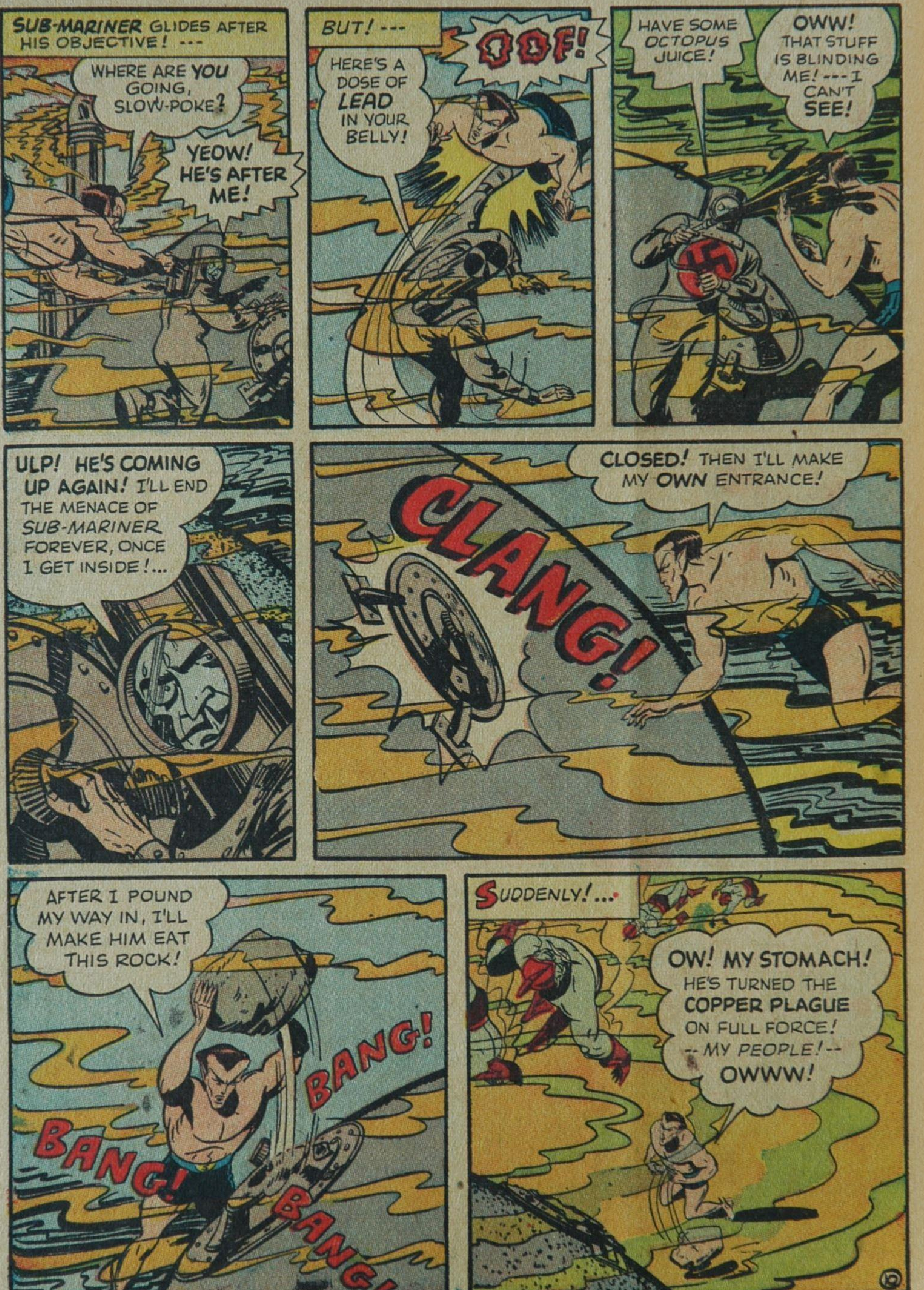

SUB-MARINER'S LATEST DEVICE IS QUICKLY REELED OUT ---
THAT'S ENOUGH -- THEY'RE GOING TO STRIKE!
YES, SIR.!
THE T.N.T., LOADED IN CYLINDERS, STRIKES THE NET AND ---
THAT'S AN EFFECTIVE ANSWER TO TORPEDOES!
BOOM!
CUT THE NET LOOSE AND SET THE TORPEDOES TO TRAVEL FIFTEEN FEET UNDER WATER!
RIGHT AWAY, PRINCE NAMOR!
FIRE AWAY! THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT THEM!
THE TORPEDOES FIND THEIR MARKS AND ---
BLAM! BLAM!
NOT MUCH LEFT OF THAT ONE!
A RADIO MESSAGE FROM YOUR MOTHER, PRINCE NAMOR!
"... URGENT -- RETURN HOME AT ONCE -- OUR KINGDOM IS IN DEADLY PERIL!" HMM! I DON'T LIKE THIS! ATTENTION, MEN! WE HEAD FOR HOME AT ONCE!

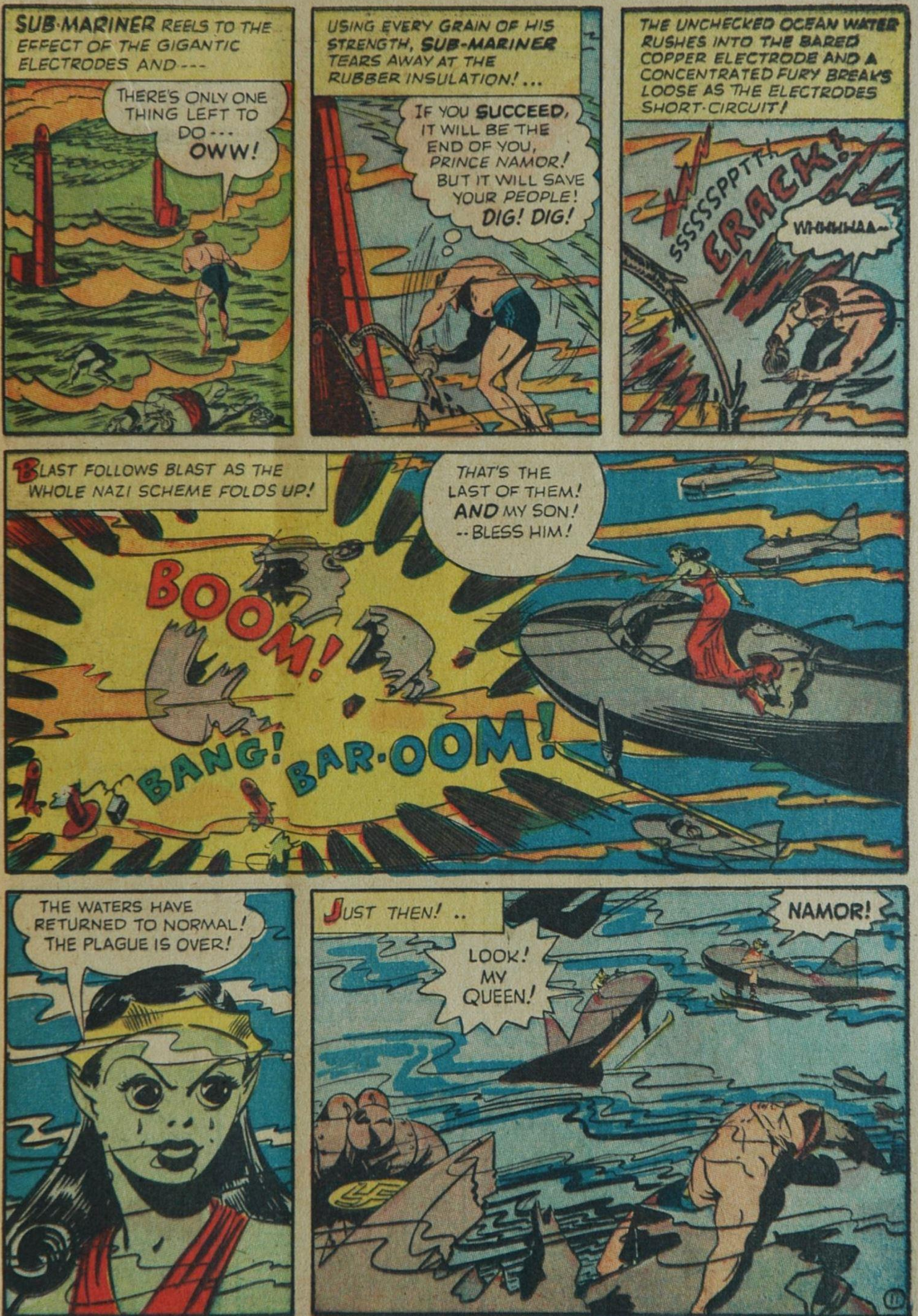
NEARING HIS DOMAIN, PRINCE NAMOR SUBMERGES!
THE WATER!... IT SEEMS TO HAVE TURNED A DENSE BLUE! SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE!
PRINCE NAMOR ARRIVES HOME ---
GREETINGS, MOTHER! ARE YOU ILL?
OUR WHOLE KINGDOM IS ILL, MY SON!
WHAT? THE WHOLE KINGDOM?
YES! COME! WE SHALL GO TO THE HOSPITAL WHERE OUR RACE IS DYING!
WHAT MALADY HAS OVERTAKEN OUR PEOPLE? THEY'RE ALL IN AGONY!
A PLAGUE, MY SON! COME! DR. VALNOOR WILL GIVE YOU THE DETAILS! IT'S HORRIBLE!
IN THE HOSPITAL...
WHAT IS THIS PESTILENCE, DOCTOR!
THE COPPER PLAGUE! ONLY ONCE BEFORE, AGES AGO, HAS THIS PLAGUE COME, TAKING A TERRIBLE TOLL OF LIVES! BUT IT WAS CAUSED BY AN ELECTRICAL DISTURBANCE ABOVE THE SEA!
WHAT IS STRANGE?
THERE'S NO DISTURBANCE ABOVE -- BUT RIGHT HERE IN THE OCEAN ITSELF! SOME FORCE IS DEPOSITING GREAT AMOUNTS OF COPPER INTO THIS REGION AND SINCE THE SYSTEMS OF OUR PEOPLE CANNOT ABSORB IT. NATURALLY, THEY ARE DYING!
THE NAZIS! THEY MUST HAVE KNOWN OF THIS PLAGUE AND ARE PRODUCING IT ARTIFICIALLY!
YOU'RE RIGHT, NAMOR! WE MUST STOP THIS FOR THE SAKE OF OUR PEOPLE!
6

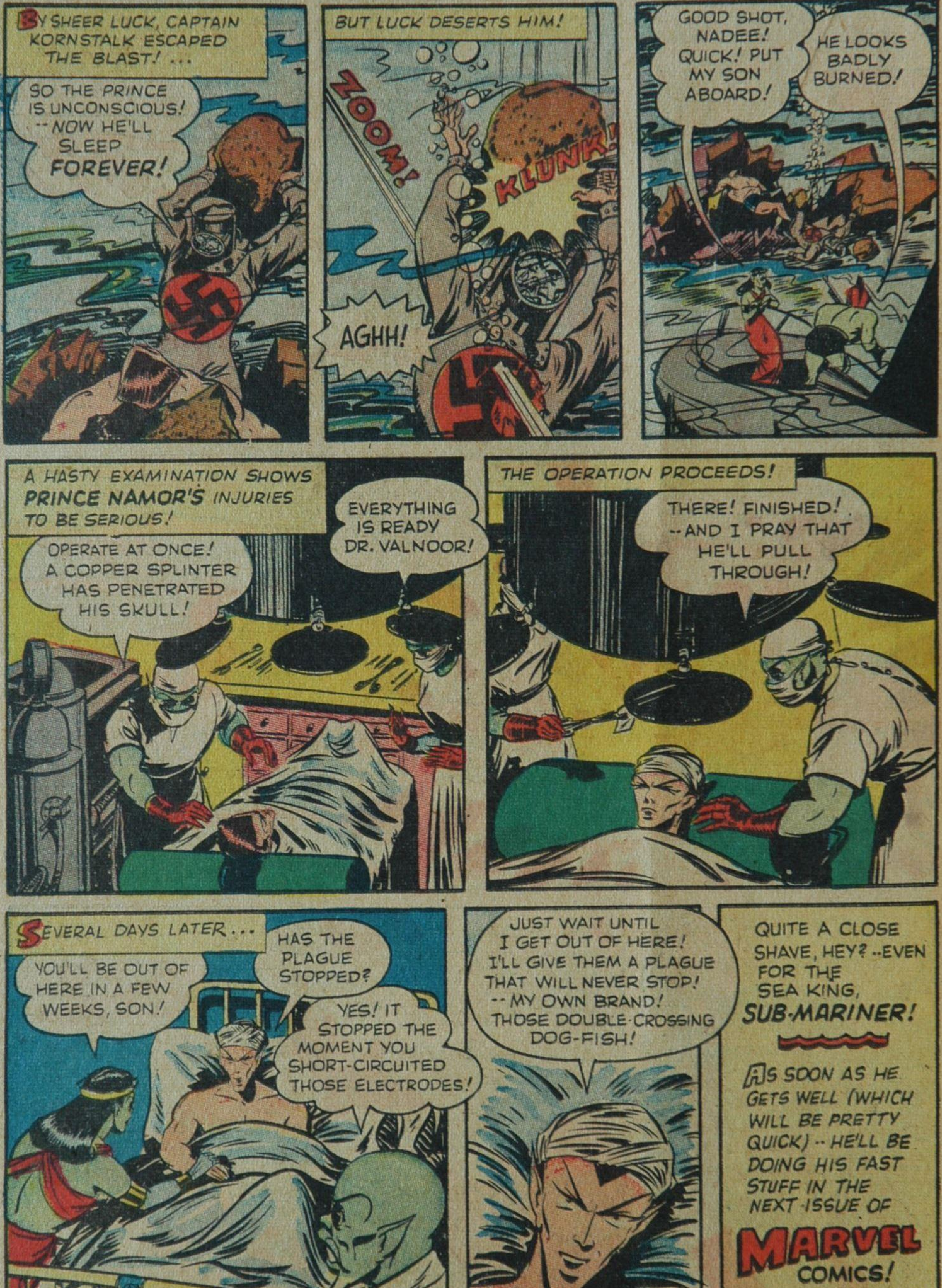

PRINCE NAMOR! A NAZI SUBMARINE HAS COME TO THE KINGDOM WITH THIS MESSAGE!
IT'S FROM CAPTAIN KORNSTALK!
OH, NAMOR!
HE HAS CAUSED THE PLAGUE AND WILL STOP IT WHEN I GIVE MYSELF OVER TO HIM!
WHAT MUST BE DONE MUST BE DONE! GO, MY SON -- AND MAY THE GODS BE WITH YOU!
PRINCE NAMOR GOES TO THE WAITING NAZIS!
SO! THE GREAT SUB-MARINER CHANGED HIS MIND!
EVEN YOU COULD BATTLE A SHARK, KORNSTALK! --IF HE WERE DEAD!
PRINCE NAMOR BIDS HIS MOTHER FAREWELL!
BEWARE, MY SON! THESE MEN ARE FILLED WITH TREACHERY!
I WILL, MOTHER!
HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR GUARD OF HONOR?
HONOR? -- I'M SURPRISED THAT YOU KNOW OF THE WORD!
THESE MANACLES ARE JUST A PRECAUTION, YOU UNDERSTAND?
ANYTHING YOU NAZIS DO IS HARD TO UNDERSTAND! WHY, FOR EXAMPLE, DON'T YOU KILL ME AND GET IT OVER WITH?
KILL YOU? --- NO, MY WET FRIEND! OUR SCIENTISTS IN THE THIRD REICH HAVE PERFECTED A METHOD TO MAKE YOU WORK FOR US! HAVE PATIENCE! HA-HA!
7


WHILE OUTSIDE -- AS THE SUBMARINE SLIDES AWAY!
HE IS A TRUE PRINCE!
COME, DR. VALNOOR! WE HAVE WORK TO DO! -- I DO NOT TRUST THOSE NAZIS!
LATER...
PERHAPS YOU ARE CURIOUS TO KNOW WHAT CAUSED THE PLAGUE? WE ARE MOORING AT OUR UNDERSEA BASE NOW. TAKE A LOOK OUT OF THE PORTHOLE, HERR SUB-MARINER!
THANKS FOR THE INVITATION!
A WEIRD SCENE UNFOLDS BEFORE SUB-MARINER'S STARTLED EYES!
SKIPPING SALAMANDERS! ELECTRODES!
I GET IT! ELECTROLYSIS! YOU'RE USING THE SAME PRINCIPLE OF ELECTROPLATING TO CAUSE THE PLAGUE! YOU PLAY A CHARGE OF ELECTRICITY FROM COPPER ELECTRODES, AND DIRECT THE CHARGE OF CONCENTRATED COPPER AT MY KINGDOM!
PRECISELY!
TOO BAD YOU'LL HAVE TO STOP THIS BUSINESS!
WE'RE NOT FOOLS! THOSE ELECTRODES CONTINUE TO OPERATE UNTIL YOUR PEOPLE ARE WIPED OUT!
WHAT?
WHY, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING DEVIL-FISH! I'LL ---
YOU'LL DO NOTHING --- YOU'LL NEVER BREAK THOSE MANACLES! WE MADE SURE OF THAT!
MAYBE -- BUT I'LL BANG THIS TUB APART!
GUARD!
BANG!
SMASH!
CLANG!
8


QUIET!
ALL RIGHT! YOU WIN!
GLAD YOU SEE THINGS MY WAY, FRIEND!
DONNING THEIR UNDERSEA GARMENTS, THE NAZIS ESCORT SUB-MARINER OUT OF THE SUBMARINE TO THEIR BASE!
SOME LAYOUT!
YES -- QUITE AN ACHIEVEMENT, EH?
SUDDENLY...
BOOM!
WHAT A LOVELY EXPLOSION!
THE SUB!
WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWED!
NOW ISN'T THAT TOO BAD!
NAMOR'S MOTHER DIRECTS THE ATTACK!
DON'T LET THEM REACH THAT BUILDING!
ZIP
ZING
HO! KIDNAP OUR PRINCE, WILL YOU?
YI-I-I! BLUB-BLUB
PUT IT ON THICK, FELLOWS!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
THERE! YOU'RE FREE!
NOW FOR A PERSONAL ARGUMENT!

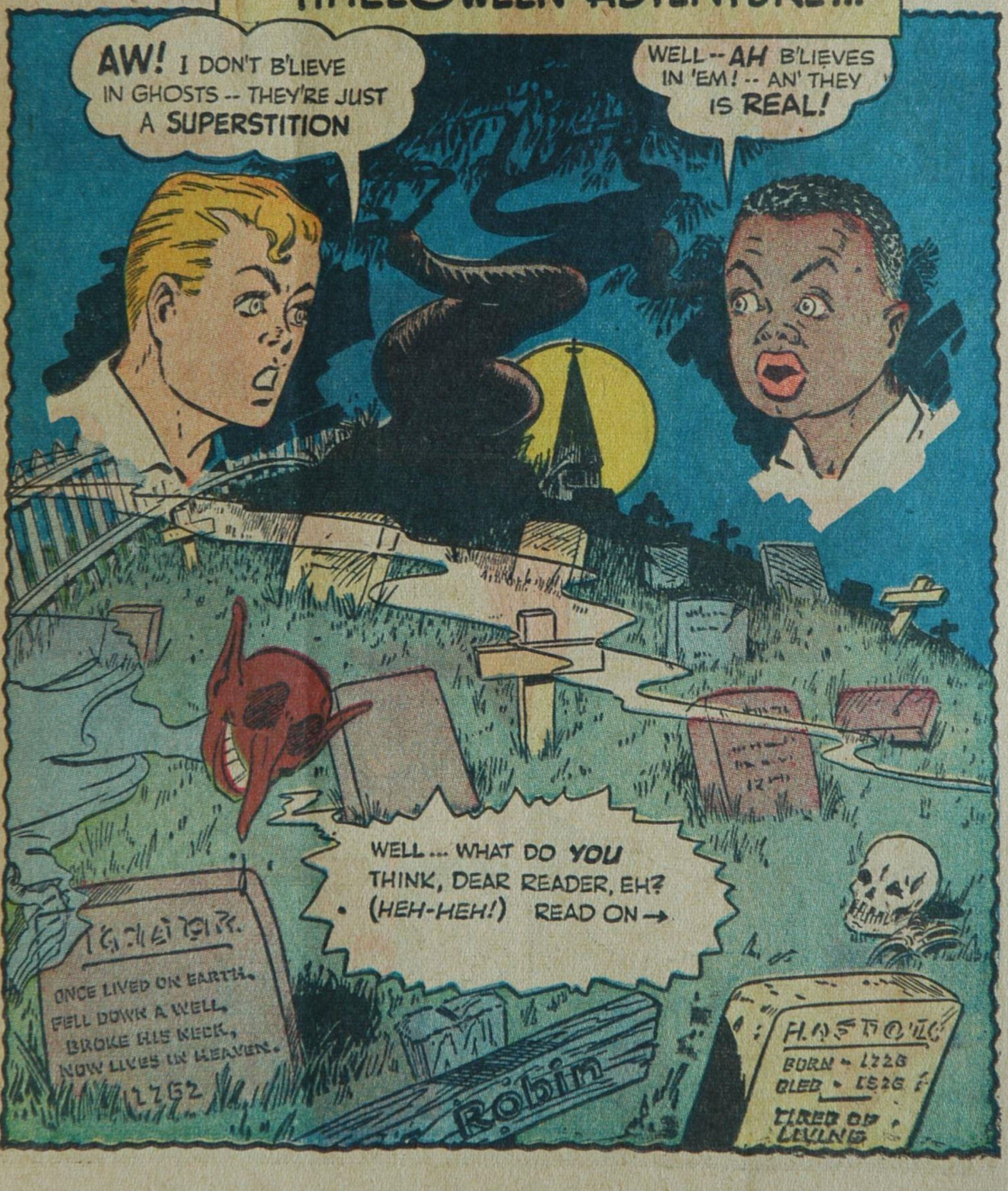

SUB-MARINER GLIDES AFTER HIS OBJECTIVE! ---
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, SLOW-POKE?
YEOW! HE'S AFTER ME!
BUT! ---
OOF!
HERE'S A DOSE OF LEAD IN YOUR BELLY!
HAVE SOME OCTOPUS JUICE!
OWW! THAT STUFF IS BLINDING ME! --- I CAN'T SEE!
ULP! HE'S COMING UP AGAIN! I'LL END THE MENACE OF SUB-MARINER FOREVER, ONCE I GET INSIDE!...
CLOSED! THEN I'LL MAKE MY OWN ENTRANCE!
CLANG!
AFTER I POUND MY WAY IN, I'LL MAKE HIM EAT THIS ROCK!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
SUDDENLY!...
OW! MY STOMACH! HE'S TURNED THE COPPER PLAGUE ON FULL FORCE! -- MY PEOPLE! -- OWWW!
10


SUB-MARINER REELS TO THE EFFECT OF THE GIGANTIC ELECTRODES AND---
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO--- OWW!
USING EVERY GRAIN OF HIS STRENGTH, SUB-MARINER TEARS AWAY AT THE RUBBER INSULATION! ...
IF YOU SUCCEED, IT WILL BE THE END OF YOU, PRINCE NAMOR! BUT IT WILL SAVE YOUR PEOPLE! DIG! DIG!
THE UNCHECKED OCEAN WATER RUSHES INTO THE BARED COPPER ELECTRODE AND A CONCENTRATED FURY BREAKS LOOSE AS THE ELECTRODES SHORT-CIRCUIT!
SSSSSPPTT!
CRACK!
WHHHHAA--
BLAST FOLLOWS BLAST AS THE WHOLE NAZI SCHEME FOLDS UP!
THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM! AND MY SON! --BLESS HIM!
BOOM!
BANG!
BAR-OOM!
THE WATERS HAVE RETURNED TO NORMAL! THE PLAGUE IS OVER!
JUST THEN! ..
NAMOR!
LOOK! MY QUEEN!
11

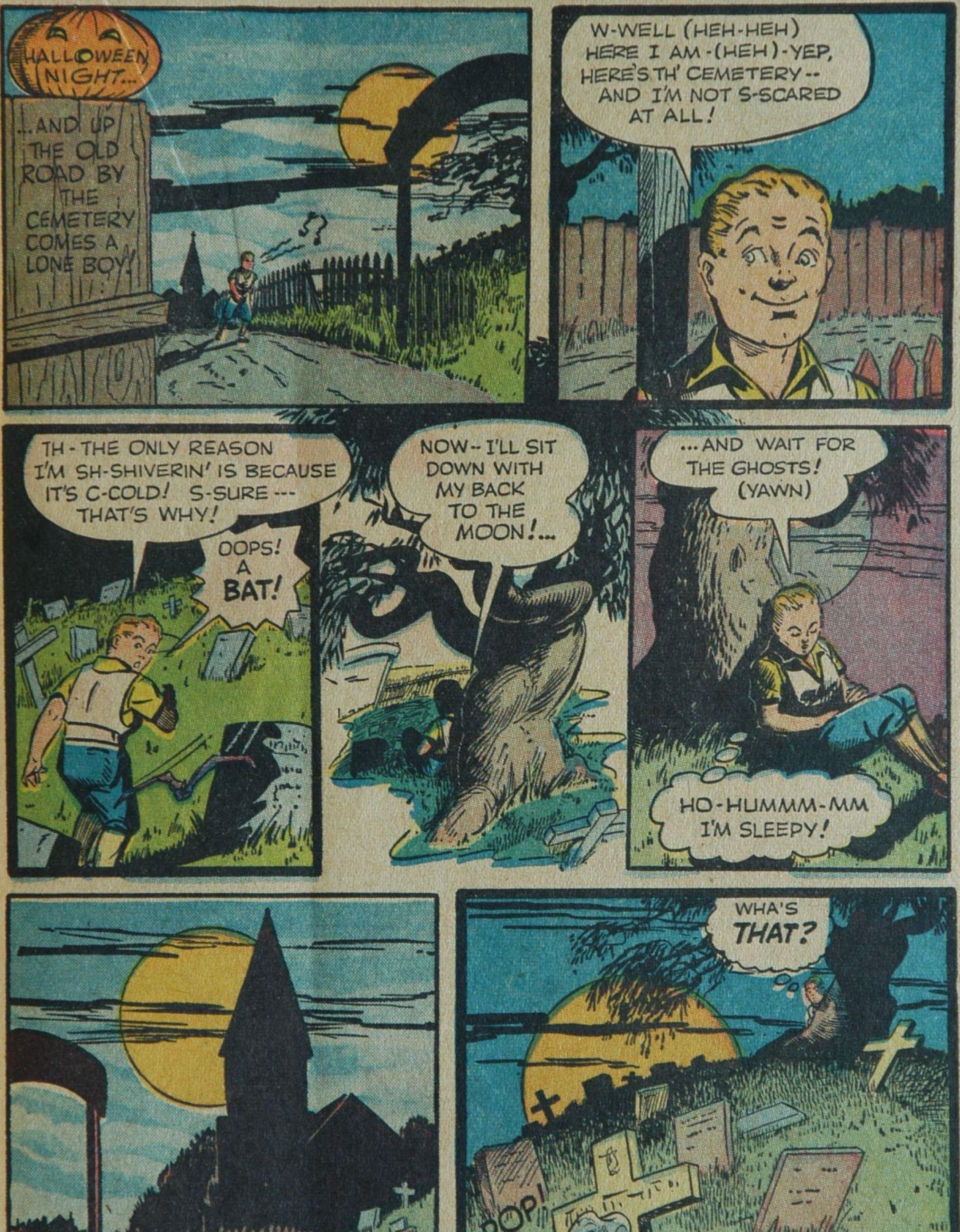

BY SHEER LUCK, CAPTAIN KORNSTALK ESCAPED THE BLAST! ...
SO THE PRINCE IS UNCONSCIOUS! --NOW HE'LL SLEEP FOREVER!
BUT LUCK DESERTS HIM!
ZOOM!
KLUNK!
AGHH!
GOOD SHOT, NADEE! QUICK! PUT MY SON ABOARD!
HE LOOKS BADLY BURNED!
A HASTY EXAMINATION SHOWS PRINCE NAMOR'S INJURIES TO BE SERIOUS!
OPERATE AT ONCE! A COPPER SPLINTER HAS PENETRATED HIS SKULL!
EVERYTHING IS READY DR. VALNOOR!
THE OPERATION PROCEEDS!
THERE! FINISHED! --AND I PRAY THAT HE'LL PULL THROUGH!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER ...
YOU'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN A FEW WEEKS, SON!
HAS THE PLAGUE STOPPED?
YES! IT STOPPED THE MOMENT YOU SHORT-CIRCUITED THOSE ELECTRODES!
PRINCE NAMOR
JUST WAIT UNTIL I GET OUT OF HERE! I'LL GIVE THEM A PLAGUE THAT WILL NEVER STOP! -- MY OWN BRAND! THOSE DOUBLE-CROSSING DOG-FISH!
QUITE A CLOSE SHAVE, HEY? --EVEN FOR THE SEA KING, SUB-MARINER!
AS SOON AS HE GETS WELL (WHICH WILL BE PRETTY QUICK) -- HE'LL BE DOING HIS FAST STUFF IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
MARVEL COMICS!
OUT EVERY MONTH!

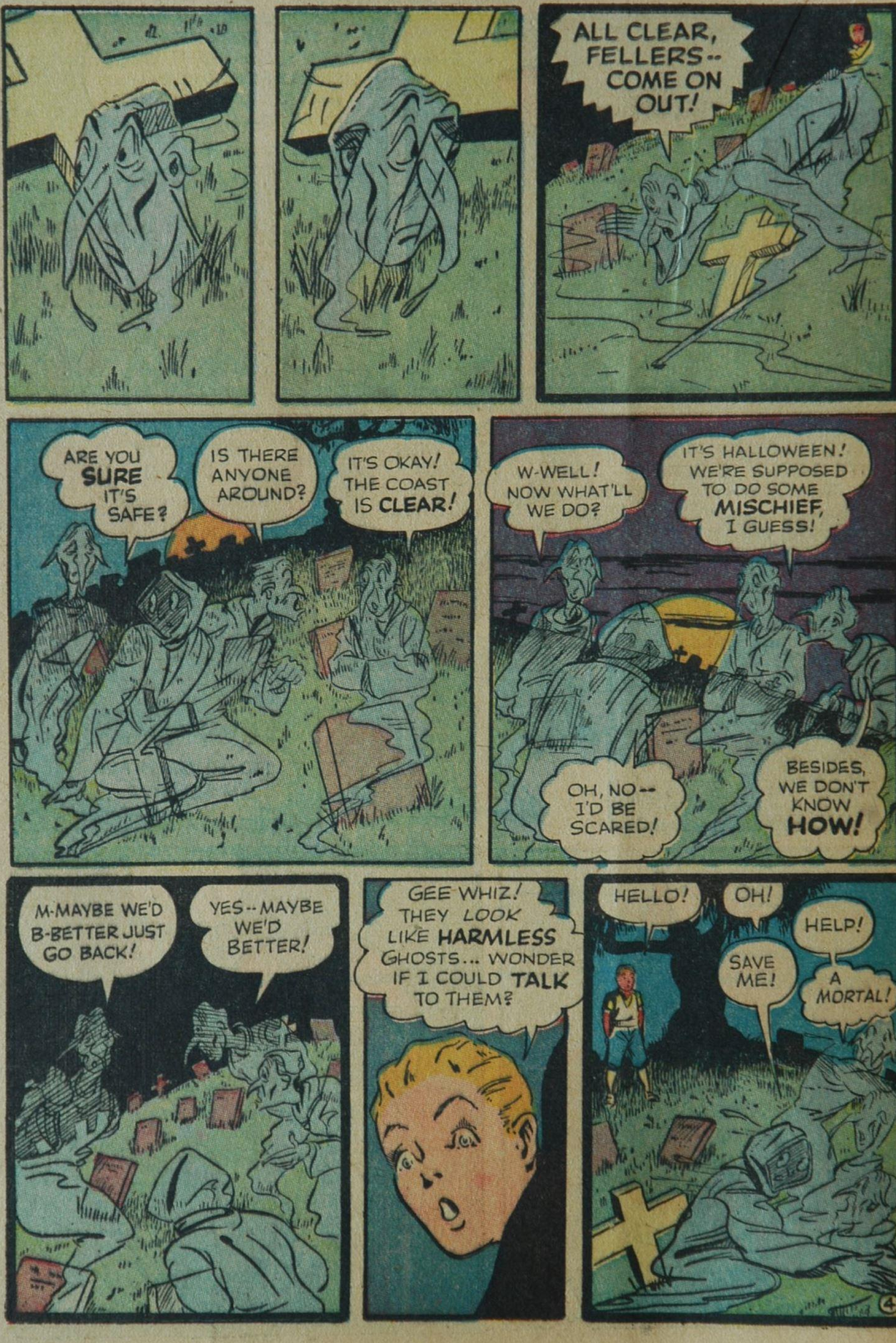
JIMMY JUPITER

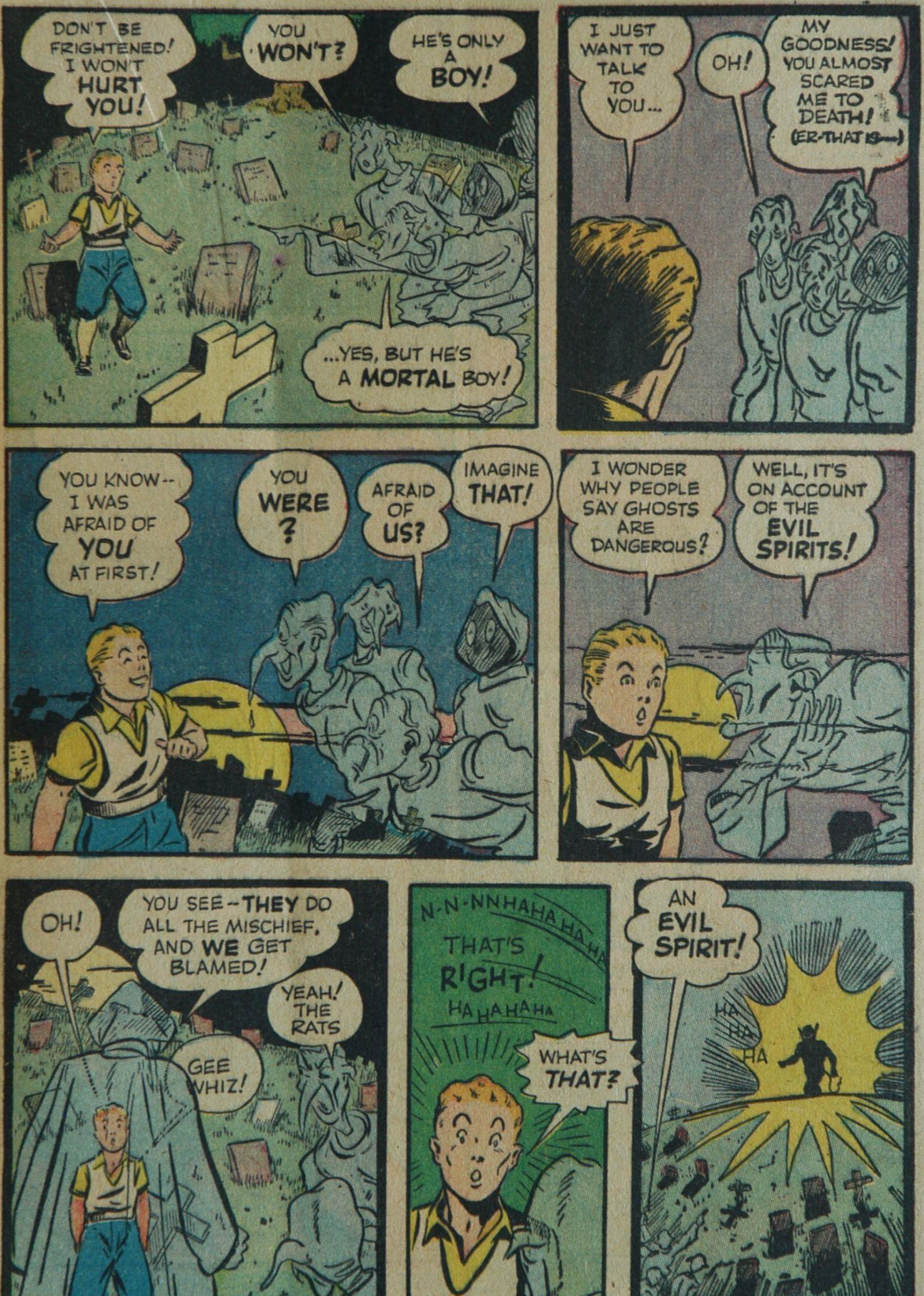
AND HIS HALLOWEEN ADVENTURE...

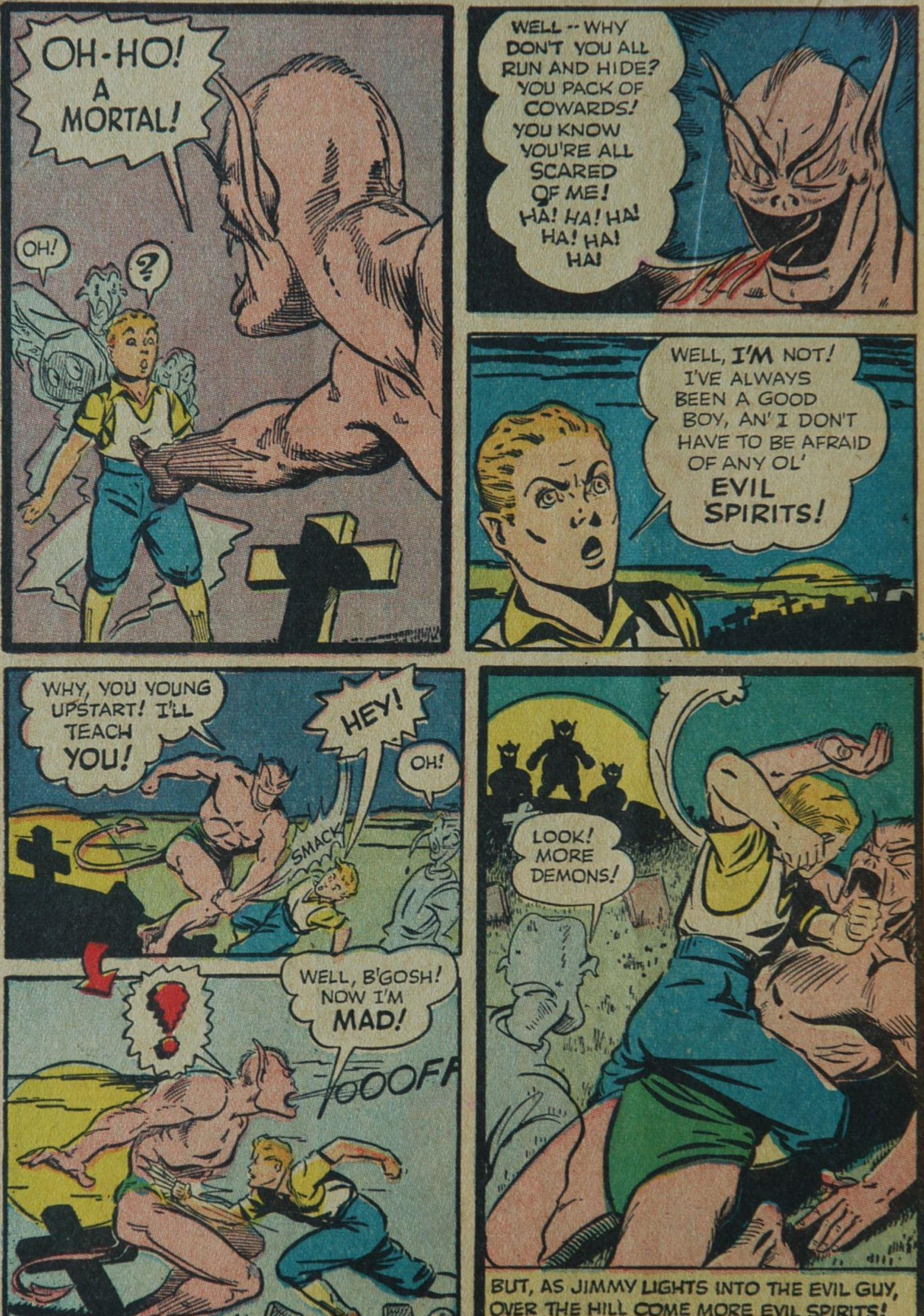

AW! I DON'T B'LIEVE IN GHOSTS -- THEY'RE JUST A SUPERSTITION
WELL -- AH B'LIEVES IN 'EM! -- AN' THEY IS REAL!
WELL... WHAT DO YOU THINK, DEAR READER, EH? (HEH-HEH!) READ ON →
ONCE LIVED ON EARTH. FELL DOWN A WELL, BROKE HIS NECK, NOW LIVES IN HEAVEN. 1762
Robin
BORN - 1726 DIED - 1526 TIRED OF LIVING

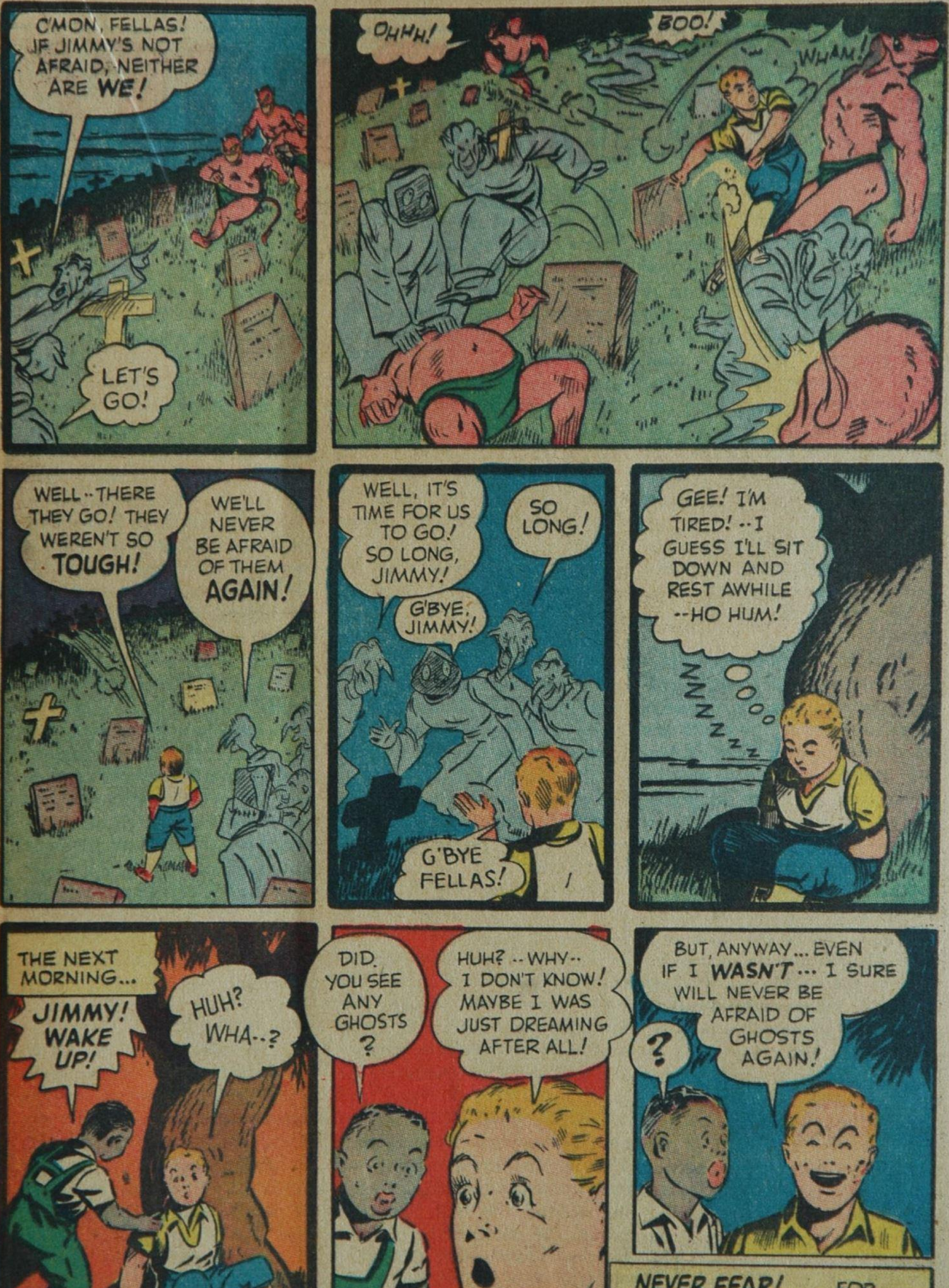
WELL, GEE WHIZ! NOBODY BELIEVES IN GHOSTS ANYMORE!
WELL -- YOU JUST COME ALONG AND SEE MAH MAMMY! SHE'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT GHOSTS!
THIS HEAH'S WHERE AH LIVES -- AH'LL CALL MAH MAMMY!
MAMMY -- THIS IS JIMMY JUPITER -- HE SAYS HE DON' BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!
HOW DO YOU DO, MA'AM?
LAN' SAKES! SO YOU DON' BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?
AH SUPPOSES YOU AIN' NEBBER SEE'D A GHOST?
WELL, SOME PEOPLE KIN SEE 'EM AN' SOME PEOPLE CAN'T!
NO MA'AM!
...AN' FOR THOSE PEOPLE DAT CAN'T SEE 'EM, DEY AIN' NO GHOSTS... BUT FOR DEM DAT KIN SEE 'EM, DEY IS GHOSTS! AN' NO MISTAKE! NOW WE GONNA FIN' OUT EF YOU C'N SEE 'EM OR EF YOU CAN'T!
H-H-HOW, MA'AM?
WELL --- YOU GO TO DE CEMETERY AT MIDNIGHT ON HALLOWEEN. SET DOWN WIF YORE BACK TO DE MOON UNDER DAT OL' TREE AN' JES' WAIT. AN' IF YOU KIN SEE 'EM, YOU SURE 'NUF 'LL SEE 'EM DEN!
SEE?
GEE WHIZ! (GULP) ALL RIGHT!


HALLOWEEN NIGHT...
...AND UP THE OLD ROAD BY THE CEMETERY COMES A LONE BOY!
W-WELL (HEH-HEH) HERE I AM-(HEH)-YEP, HERE'S TH' CEMETERY-- AND I'M NOT S-SCARED AT ALL!
TH-THE ONLY REASON I'M SH-SHIVERIN' IS BECAUSE IT'S C-COLD! S-SURE --- THAT'S WHY!
OOPS! A BAT!
NOW--I'LL SIT DOWN WITH MY BACK TO THE MOON!...
...AND WAIT FOR THE GHOSTS! (YAWN)
HO-HUMMM-MM I'M SLEEPY!
THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!
WHA'S THAT?
POP!


ALL CLEAR, FELLERS-- COME ON OUT!
ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE?
IS THERE ANYONE AROUND?
IT'S OKAY! THE COAST IS CLEAR!
W-WELL! NOW WHAT'LL WE DO?
IT'S HALLOWEEN! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO DO SOME MISCHIEF, I GUESS!
OH, NO-- I'D BE SCARED!
BESIDES, WE DON'T KNOW HOW!
M-MAYBE WE'D B-BETTER JUST GO BACK!
YES--MAYBE WE'D BETTER!
GEE WHIZ! THEY LOOK LIKE HARMLESS GHOSTS... WONDER IF I COULD TALK TO THEM?
HELLO!
OH!
HELP!
SAVE ME!
A MORTAL!
4


DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! I WON'T HURT YOU!
YOU WON'T?
HE'S ONLY A BOY!
...YES, BUT HE'S A MORTAL BOY!
I JUST WANT TO TALK TO YOU...
OH!
MY GOODNESS! YOU ALMOST SCARED ME TO DEATH! (ER-THAT IS—)
YOU KNOW-- I WAS AFRAID OF YOU AT FIRST!
YOU WERE?
AFRAID OF US?
IMAGINE THAT!
I WONDER WHY PEOPLE SAY GHOSTS ARE DANGEROUS?
WELL, IT'S ON ACCOUNT OF THE EVIL SPIRITS!
OH!
YOU SEE--THEY DO ALL THE MISCHIEF, AND WE GET BLAMED!
YEAH! THE RATS
GEE WHIZ!
N-N-NNHAHA HA HA HA
THAT'S RIGHT!
HA HA HA HA HA
WHAT'S THAT?
AN EVIL SPIRIT!
HA HA HA


OH-HO! A MORTAL!
OH!
?
WELL -- WHY DON'T YOU ALL RUN AND HIDE? YOU PACK OF COWARDS! YOU KNOW YOU'RE ALL SCARED OF ME! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
WELL, I'M NOT! I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD BOY, AN' I DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID OF ANY OL' EVIL SPIRITS!
WHY, YOU YOUNG UPSTART! I'LL TEACH YOU!
HEY!
OH!
SMACK
WELL, B'GOSH! NOW I'M MAD!
!
OOOFF
6
LOOK! MORE DEMONS!
BUT, AS JIMMY LIGHTS INTO THE EVIL GUY, OVER THE HILL COME MORE EVIL SPIRITS!


C'MON, FELLAS! IF JIMMY'S NOT AFRAID, NEITHER ARE **WE**!
LET'S GO!
OHHH!
BOO!
WHAM!
WELL -- THERE THEY GO! THEY WEREN'T SO **TOUGH**!
WE'LL NEVER BE AFRAID OF THEM **AGAIN**!
WELL, IT'S TIME FOR US TO GO! SO LONG, JIMMY!
SO LONG!
G'BYE, JIMMY!
G'BYE FELLAS!
GEE! I'M TIRED! -- I GUESS I'LL SIT DOWN AND REST AWHILE --HO HUM!
ZZZZZ
THE NEXT MORNING...
JIMMY! WAKE UP!
HUH? WHA--?
DID YOU SEE ANY GHOSTS ?
HUH? -- WHY-- I DON'T KNOW! MAYBE I WAS JUST DREAMING AFTER ALL!
?
BUT, ANYWAY... EVEN IF I **WASN'T** ... I SURE WILL NEVER BE AFRAID OF GHOSTS AGAIN!
NEVER FEAR! ...... FOR JIMMY JUPITER WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ***MARVEL***!

SCRAM, BUGS!

By MICKEY SPILLANE

"SHOO FLY" MULLIGAN, the exterminator, slumped in his chair wishing that the working day was over so he could go fishing. He played idly with the handle of his squirt gun that was worn thin with thousands of plunges that had chased bugs out of their cozy little corners in pantries, rugs and whatnot. Bumps, the boss, kicked open the door and walked in muttering to himself, then caught sight of Shoo Fly.

"You, Mulligan! What are you sitting around here for when there's work to be done?"

"Aw, boss, me squoit gun's empty."

"Well, fer Pete's sake . . . get it filled, and hop over to the Wentworth Apartments. The super is complaining that the walls are crawling with your little six legged friends that are making themselves at home in somebody's kitchen!" Mulligan yawned and got up, dragging his squirter behind him.

"O.K., boss. I was thinkin' that maybe I could go fishing today, but I guess it's no go!" So saying, Shoo Fly ambled down the corridor to the supply room where he loaded his gun with the most powerful stuff he could find. No use making two trips when he felt so lazy, he figured; so, use only the best. Downstairs, he cranked his old jalopy and tut-tutted at the condition of the tires. The rubber was gone, the cording was gone, and after ten more miles it would be running on the inner tubes. Daggone the enemy!

□□□

WITH A WEIRD BANGING like a washing machine full of tin cans, the jalopy pulled away and wheezed up the street. Twenty minutes later Mulligan stopped behind a row of limousines in front of the Wentworth Apartments, and accepted the grins of the populace on the street with a scowl. He shouldered his squirt gun like a rifle, and marched to the super's office. First, he rapped on the door, then stalked in.

"You the drooper . . . I mean, super?" The fat boy behind the desk nodded behind his flowing whiskers.

"Where's all these bugs I'm supposed to smear?" Shoo Fly asked.

"They're upstairs in 6D. An old man lives in there. He went out a few days ago, and hasn't come back. The blooming little bugs have been crawling out from under the door like an army on the march, and invading all the other apartments. The tenants are complaining something awful. You'd better get busy right away!"

"Pronto! 'Shoo Fly' Mulligan, they call me. I am death on bugs. In one hour all you will have will be insect corpses. Give me the pass key and I'll get going." The super passed over the key and Mulligan went out to the elevator. On the sixth floor he stepped and and went to apartment D

"HOLY SMOKES!" He let out. "Is this place a menagerie?" The roaches came tearing out from under the door sill, scampering around the hall like they owned the place. Most of them changed their minds, when they saw that there was nothing to eat in the corridor and shot back again. Mulligan stamped out a horde of them with his number twelves, inserted the pass key, and went inside.

It was one of those three room affairs, but you would never know it. Tin cans and bread wrappers littered the place, and were the bugs having a swell time! Shoo Fly took one look around at the walls that were walking away and groaned. "What did I do to deserve this? Some mess, I'll say!" So, Mulligan unlimbered his squirt gun and began the extermination. The little creatures flopped off the walls to the floor, gave a couple of kicks and went on to the happy hunting grounds of the insects, where all is bread crumbs and honey.

Finally, Shoo Fly Mulligan had the walls cleared and poked around the place looking for more victims. He went into the side room that was supposed to be used for a bedroom . . . and almost fell over! Instead of a bed was the wildest batch of equipment he had ever seen. All nice shiny gadgets, wires and dials. It looked a lot like those fancy radio sets you see in the movies. His curiosity got the better of him, and Mulligan began to fiddle around with the switches.

□□□

SUDDENLY . . . A LOW HUM rattled out of the stuff. Mulligan hopped back and his fingers sought desperately for the doodad that turned the thing on. No matter what he hit, the hum continued. "Now how in blazes did that happen? Why am I always doin' somethin' like that?" Idly, he flipped another switch . . and instead of a hum this time, he got a voice.

"Yes," it said, "what do you want?" Shoo Fly's eyebrows raised up to his hairline.

"Huh?"

"Whao is this!" the voice demanded.

"This is Shoo Fly Mulligan. Who're you?"

"I am Von Rittmeister, the head of the Gestapo. Speak, stupid, what is it!" Mulligan wasn't very smart, but at that he suddenly caught the idea. This place must be the headquarters of a spy ring! And with this radio, they were in constant touch with Germany! As fast as he could, Mulligan put his brain to work, then recognizing what was a microphone, picked it up.

"This is your American agent." His eyes hit a map on the wall and picked out a spot . . . "There's a fleet of transports going out. They're meeting forty-five longitude and thirty latitude in a week. Signing off." Mulligan didn't know what longitude or latitude meant, but it was on the map, so it must mean something! He flipped off a switch before the other guy could answer back, but still couldn't find the one that caused the hum.

Oh well, now he could call the police. But then . . . the door creaked open! He turned . . . and WHAM! Something heavy landed on his head and the lights went out! When he comes to, he was sitting in a corner of a room. He tried to rub his head, but his arms were tied behind his back! Mulligan couldn't help it . . . he groaned. Immediately two men stepped into the room. One was old and short. The other was a big bruiser with thick lips and a gleam in his eye that wasn't pretty to look at. The little man spoke up.

"So, you are awake, eh? Enjoy yourself, for you won't be awake long! What were you doing here?"

"I'm the exterminator, that's what. How come I'm tied up like this?" The pair exchanged glances.

"Why did you fool with my radio set?"

"Aw," Mulligan answered, "I like gadgets, that's all. Let me up." The old boy nodded and the bruiser helped Shoo Fly to his feet. Then . . . BLAM! The bruiser's fist plopped on his jaw, and Mulligan went down! Again and again he was jerked up and knocked down. At last the little fellow called off the strong arm fellow, and both reentered the room with the radio.

* * *

BY THIS TIME SHOO FLY Mulligan was mad . . . very mad! And that tussle did something for him, at least. It had so strained his bonds that he could move his hands. Mulligan wasn't a little man by any means, and the size of his biceps was covered by his shirt. He gave the ropes a healthy pull and they loosened some more. A few more times and they were off. Quickly, he bent down and untied his feet, then stretched himself, pulled up his pants, and spit on his hands. He had some spies to mop up!

For all his ungainly size, Shoo Fly could move quickly. He went to the front door, knocked twice, and ran behind the door of the other room. When the old guy came out to open the door, a heavy hand grabbed him by his scrawny neck and choked off an outcry. Mulligan held his feet off the ground a while, took a deep breath, then socked! The old boy sailed across the room!

But he had been heard! The bruiser came on the run, took in the business with a glance of his weasel eyes, and ripped into Shoo Fly. Immediately the place was a bedlam of sound. They tripped over the furniture and got up swinging. A chair smashed to smithereens and a vase crashed on the floor. The bruiser landed one on Mulligan's jaw that made him see stars, but Shoo Fly came back with a right cross that had the guy spitting teeth all over the place.

But the awful punishment Mulligan had taken a little earlier was beginning to take effect. His arms were as heavy as lead, and his dome felt like a balloon. The bruiser didn't seem to be bothered a bit so far except for the loss of his teeth. Both circled each other like a pair of lions on the kill . . . then the Nazi leaped! The charge carried him into Mulligan and they both went down in a heap! Shoo Fly squirmed like mad, got one hand loose and slugged. The big boy rolled off.

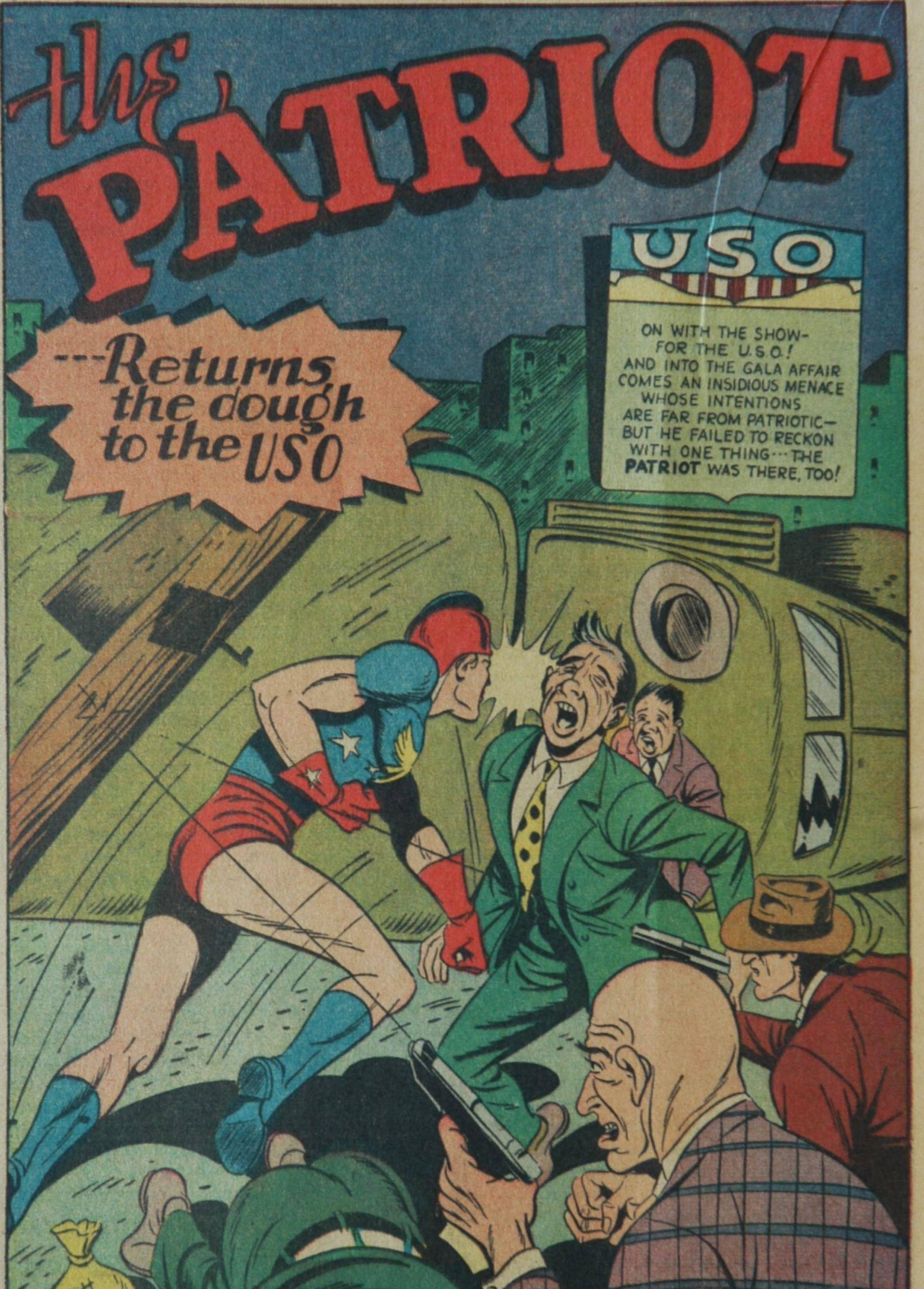
With an agile movement, the Nazi grabbed Mulligan's hair and slammed it against the floor. As for poor Shoo Fly . . . the lights just blinded on and off. The other ran to a drawer and yanked it open. His hand snatched up a gun, but Mulligan wasn't *that* far gone. The only chance he had, he took. The squirt gun lay on the floor nearby. With a sweeping movement, he scooped it up and pushed the plunger...A great gust of foul-smelling stuff shot into the Nazi's eyes!

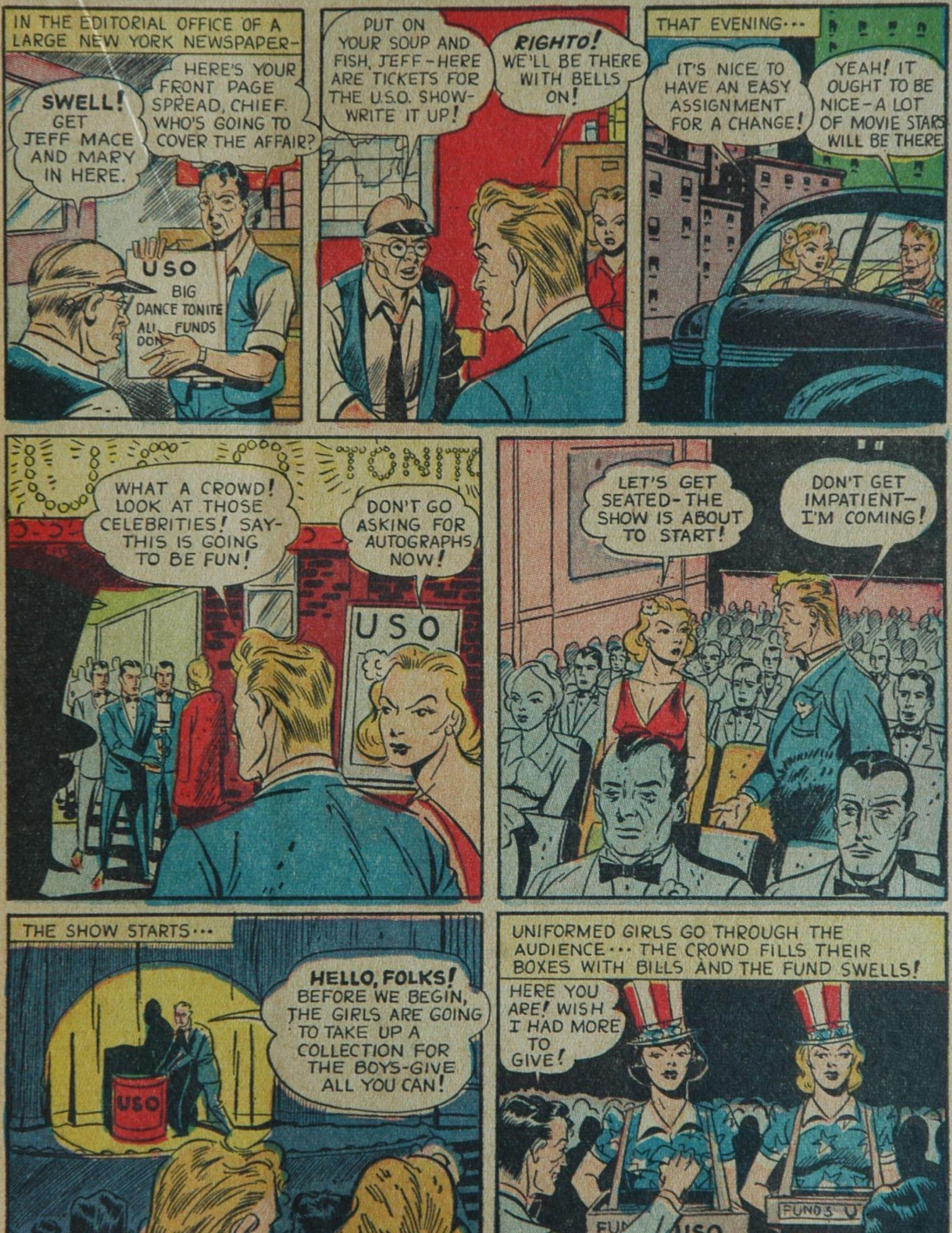
* * *

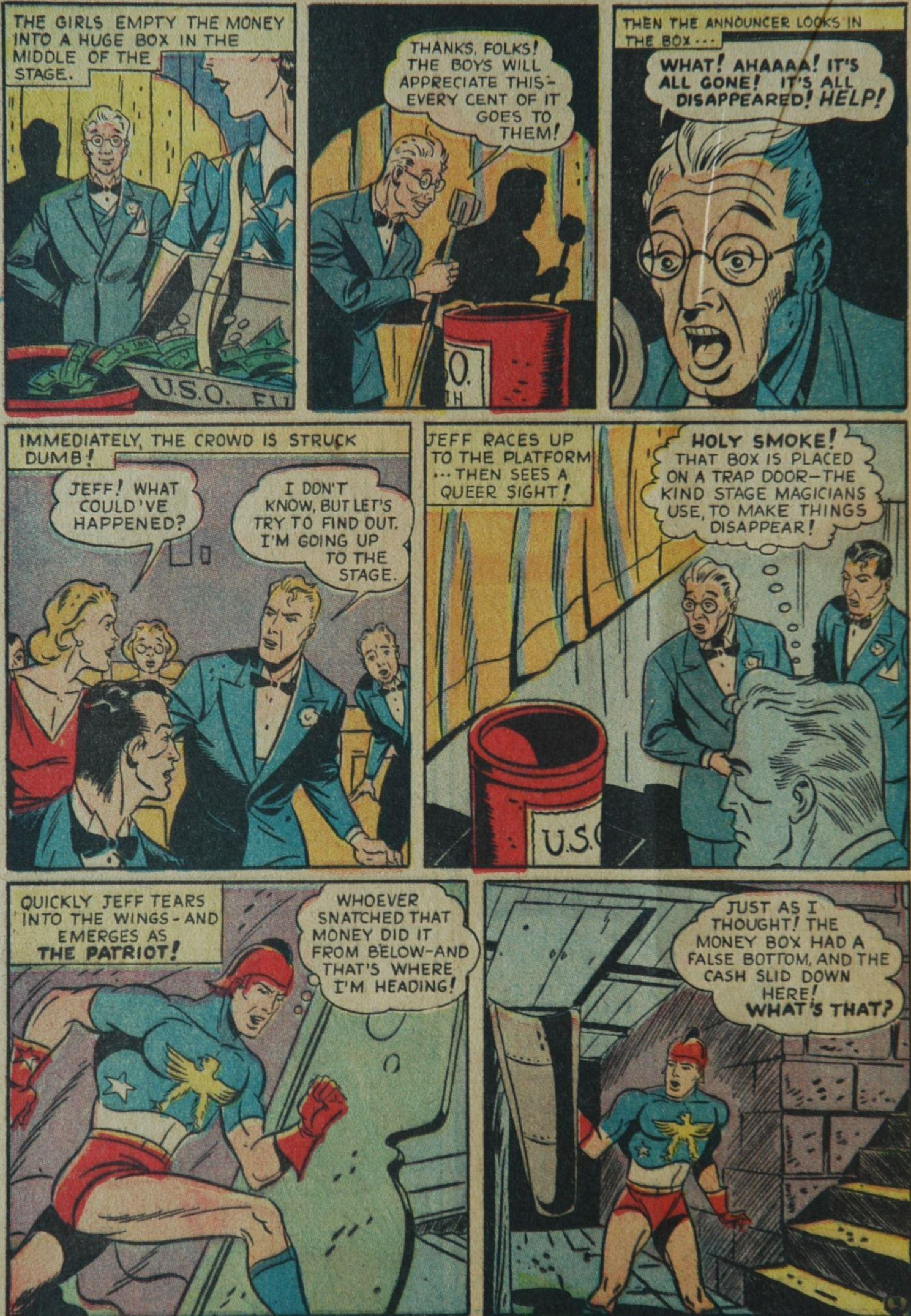
"HIMMEL! My eyes, my eyes . . . I'm blind!" Mulligan grinned. This was going to be fun. He aimed . . . then swung . . . and the Nazi went down for the count. Suddenly the door burst open . . . Men with guns ripped into the place. Shoo Fly thought they were more flies and got ready to fight, but they turned out to be "G" men who had intercepted that seemingly harmless hum from the radio and traced it here. When the shouting finally died down, and the two were led off to the clink, while a batch of newshawks took pictures, and a "G" man was contacting the Navy to contact the enemy submarines that were supposed to contact American transports that Mulligan reported to the Nazis about, a reporter asked Mulligan how come he managed to get into all this. Shoo Fly smiled broadly.

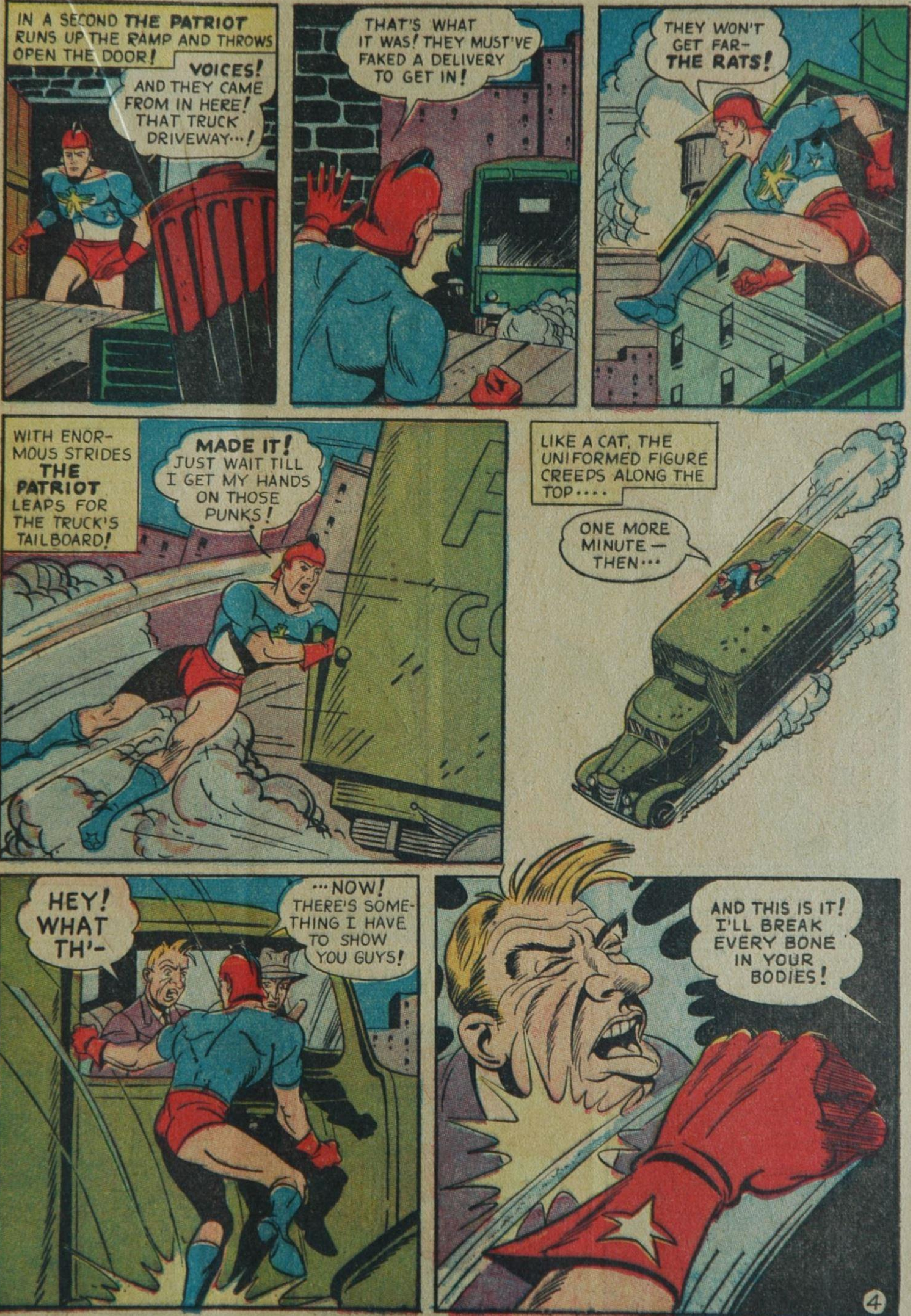
"All on account of some bugs," he answered, "all on account of some *bugs!*"

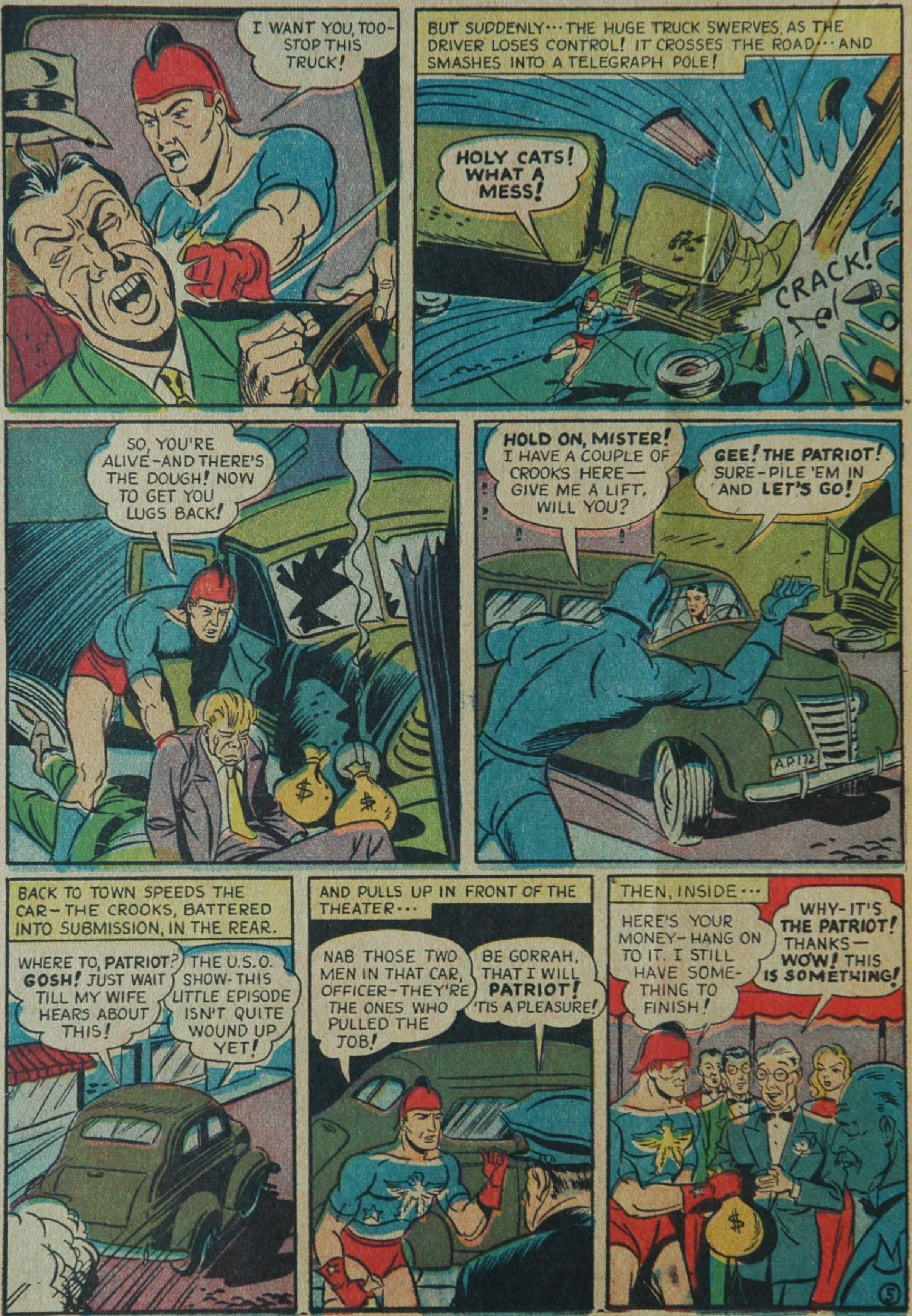
The End.

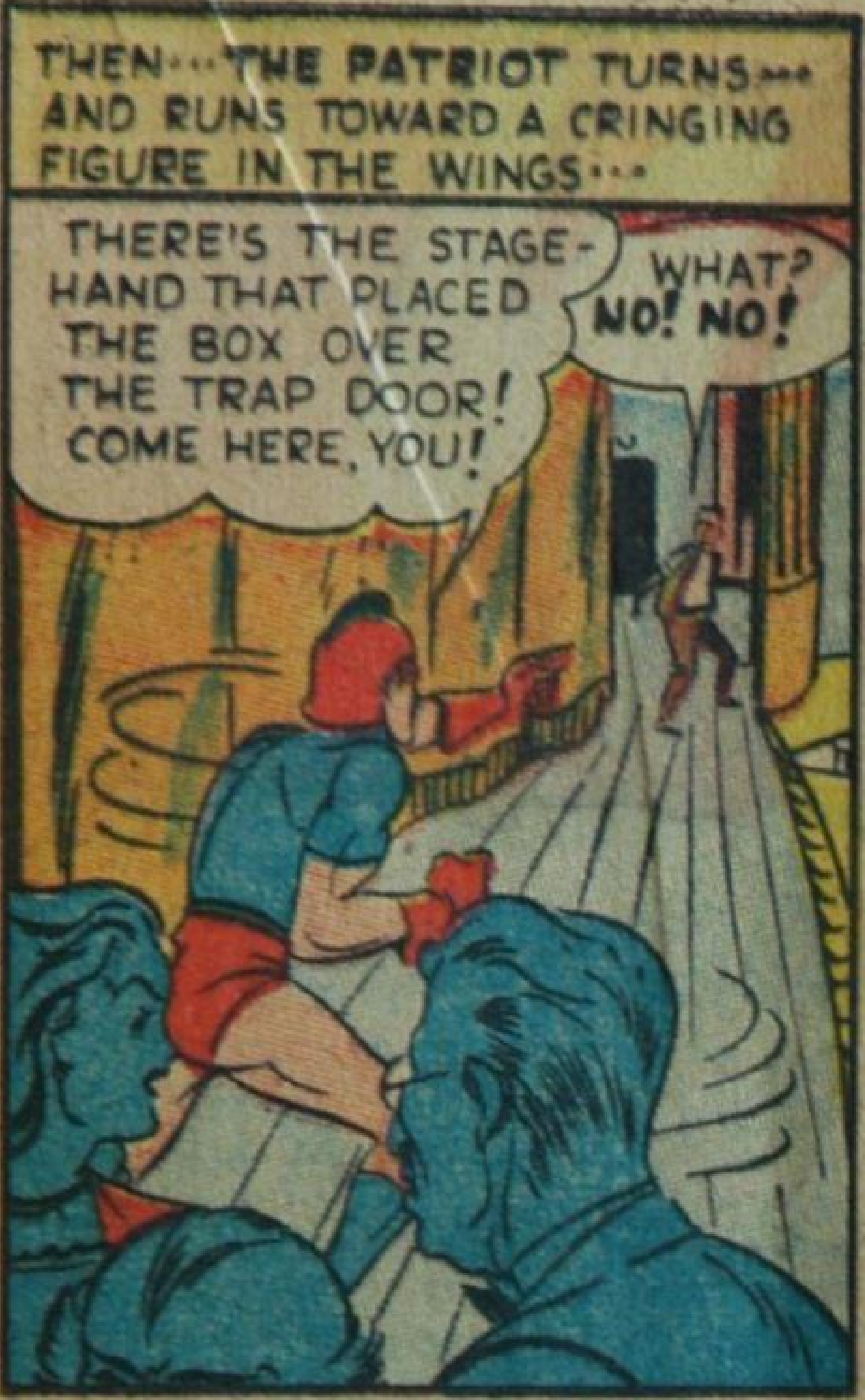

the PATRIOT
---Returns the dough to the USO
USO
ON WITH THE SHOW— FOR THE U.S.O.! AND INTO THE GALA AFFAIR COMES AN INSIDIOUS MENACE WHOSE INTENTIONS ARE FAR FROM PATRIOTIC— BUT HE FAILED TO RECKON WITH ONE THING··· THE **PATRIOT** WAS THERE, TOO!
$

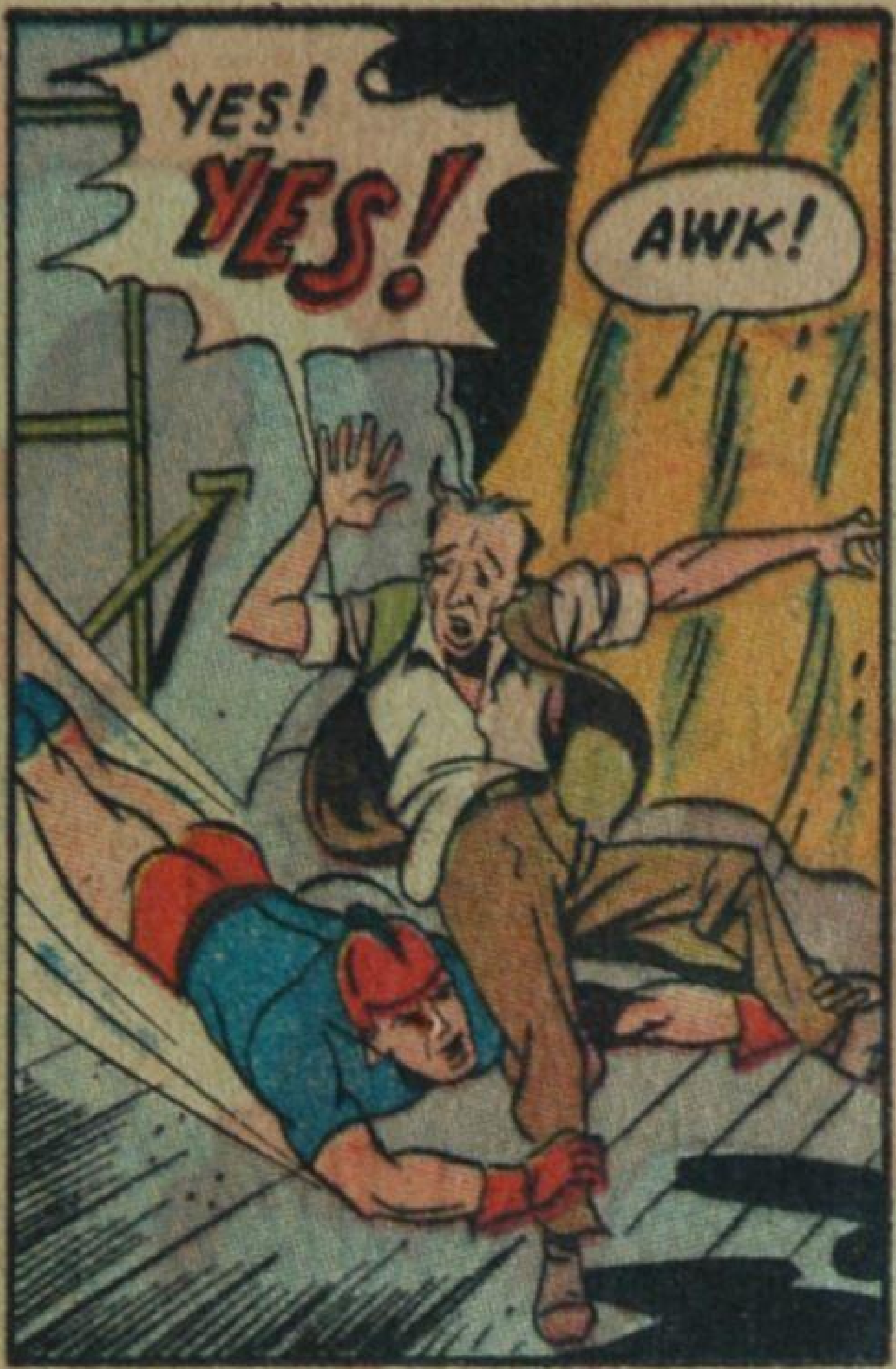

IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICE OF A LARGE NEW YORK NEWSPAPER–
HERE'S YOUR FRONT PAGE SPREAD, CHIEF. WHO'S GOING TO COVER THE AFFAIR?
SWELL! GET JEFF MACE AND MARY IN HERE.
USO BIG DANCE TONITE ALL FUNDS DON
PUT ON YOUR SOUP AND FISH, JEFF–HERE ARE TICKETS FOR THE U.S.O. SHOW–WRITE IT UP!
RIGHTO! WE'LL BE THERE WITH BELLS ON!
THAT EVENING···
IT'S NICE TO HAVE AN EASY ASSIGNMENT FOR A CHANGE!
YEAH! IT OUGHT TO BE NICE–A LOT OF MOVIE STARS WILL BE THERE
TONITE
WHAT A CROWD! LOOK AT THOSE CELEBRITIES! SAY–THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN!
DON'T GO ASKING FOR AUTOGRAPHS NOW!
USO
LET'S GET SEATED–THE SHOW IS ABOUT TO START!
DON'T GET IMPATIENT–I'M COMING!
THE SHOW STARTS···
HELLO, FOLKS! BEFORE WE BEGIN, THE GIRLS ARE GOING TO TAKE UP A COLLECTION FOR THE BOYS–GIVE ALL YOU CAN!
USO
UNIFORMED GIRLS GO THROUGH THE AUDIENCE··· THE CROWD FILLS THEIR BOXES WITH BILLS AND THE FUND SWELLS!
HERE YOU ARE! WISH I HAD MORE TO GIVE!
FUN USO
FUNDS U
2

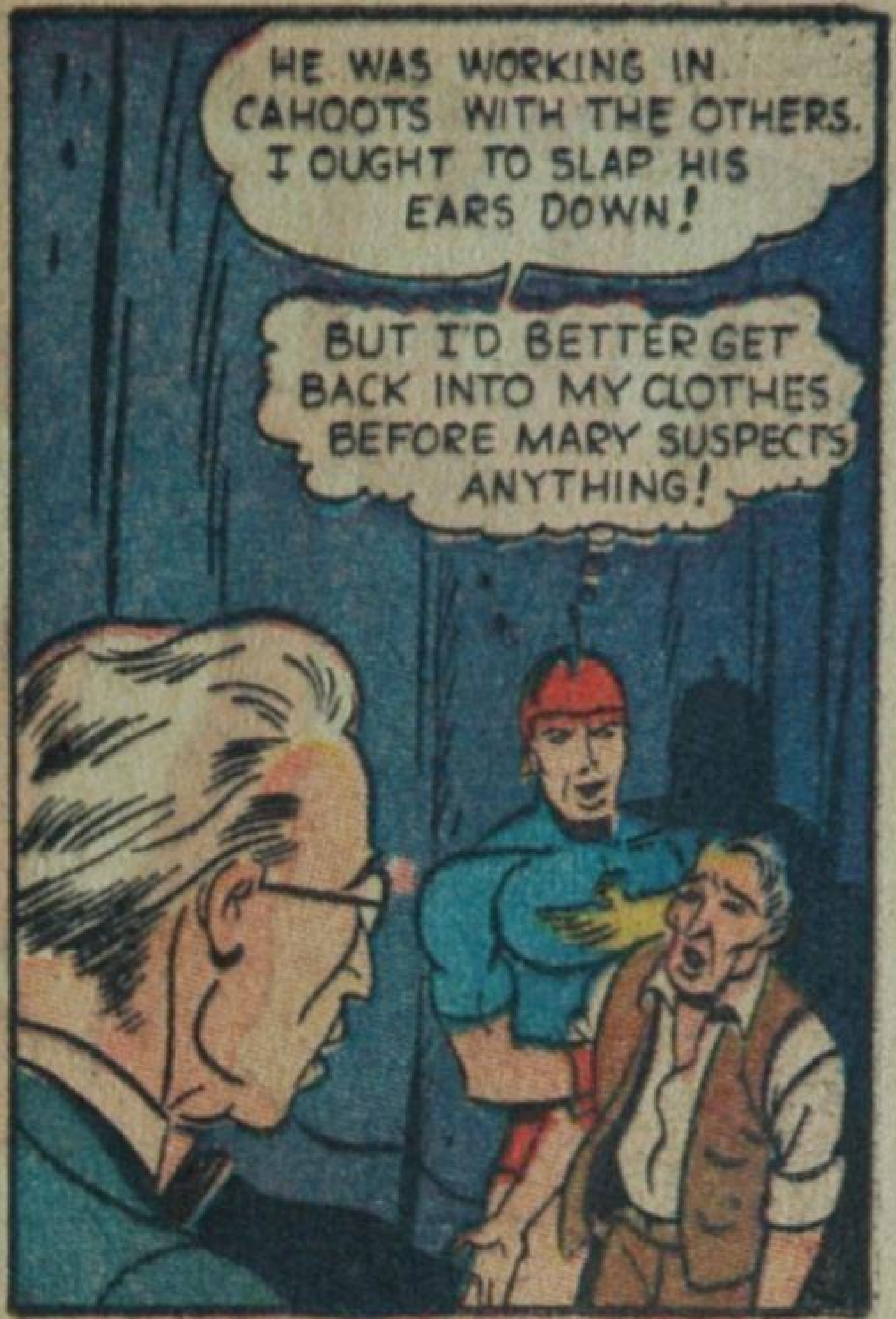

THE GIRLS EMPTY THE MONEY INTO A HUGE BOX IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STAGE.
U.S.O. FU
THANKS, FOLKS! THE BOYS WILL APPRECIATE THIS— EVERY CENT OF IT GOES TO THEM!
THEN THE ANNOUNCER LOOKS IN THE BOX ...
WHAT! AHAAAA! IT'S ALL GONE! IT'S ALL DISAPPEARED! HELP!
IMMEDIATELY, THE CROWD IS STRUCK DUMB!
JEFF! WHAT COULD'VE HAPPENED?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT LET'S TRY TO FIND OUT. I'M GOING UP TO THE STAGE.
JEFF RACES UP TO THE PLATFORM ... THEN SEES A QUEER SIGHT!
HOLY SMOKE! THAT BOX IS PLACED ON A TRAP DOOR—THE KIND STAGE MAGICIANS USE, TO MAKE THINGS DISAPPEAR!
U.S.
QUICKLY JEFF TEARS INTO THE WINGS - AND EMERGES AS THE PATRIOT!
WHOEVER SNATCHED THAT MONEY DID IT FROM BELOW—AND THAT'S WHERE I'M HEADING!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE MONEY BOX HAD A FALSE BOTTOM, AND THE CASH SLID DOWN HERE! WHAT'S THAT?

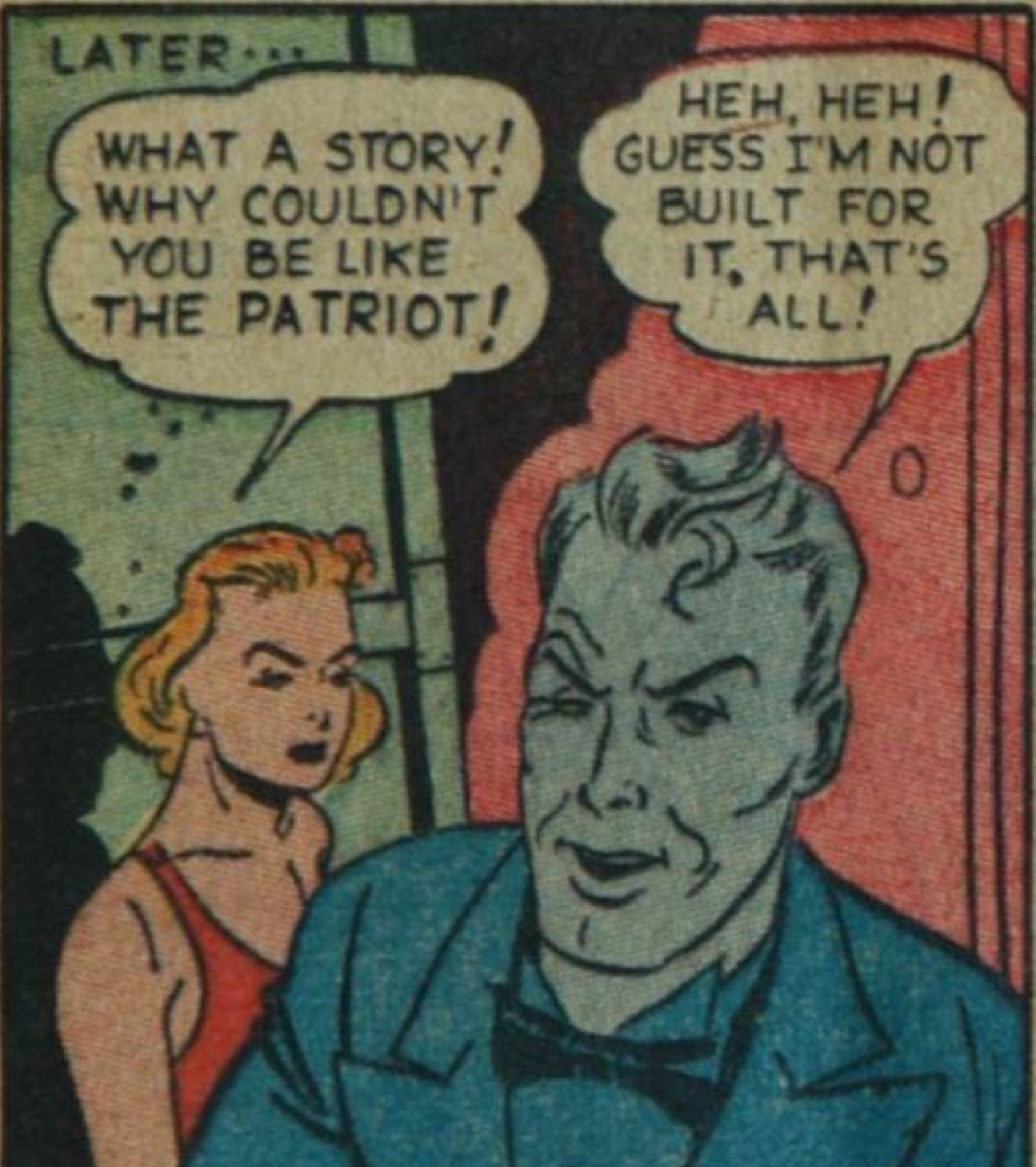

IN A SECOND THE PATRIOT RUNS UP THE RAMP AND THROWS OPEN THE DOOR!
VOICES! AND THEY CAME FROM IN HERE! THAT TRUCK DRIVEWAY...!
THAT'S WHAT IT WAS! THEY MUST'VE FAKED A DELIVERY TO GET IN!
THEY WON'T GET FAR- THE RATS!
WITH ENORMOUS STRIDES THE PATRIOT LEAPS FOR THE TRUCK'S TAILBOARD!
MADE IT! JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THOSE PUNKS!
LIKE A CAT, THE UNIFORMED FIGURE CREEPS ALONG THE TOP....
ONE MORE MINUTE— THEN...
HEY! WHAT TH'-
...NOW! THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO SHOW YOU GUYS!
AND THIS IS IT! I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODIES!

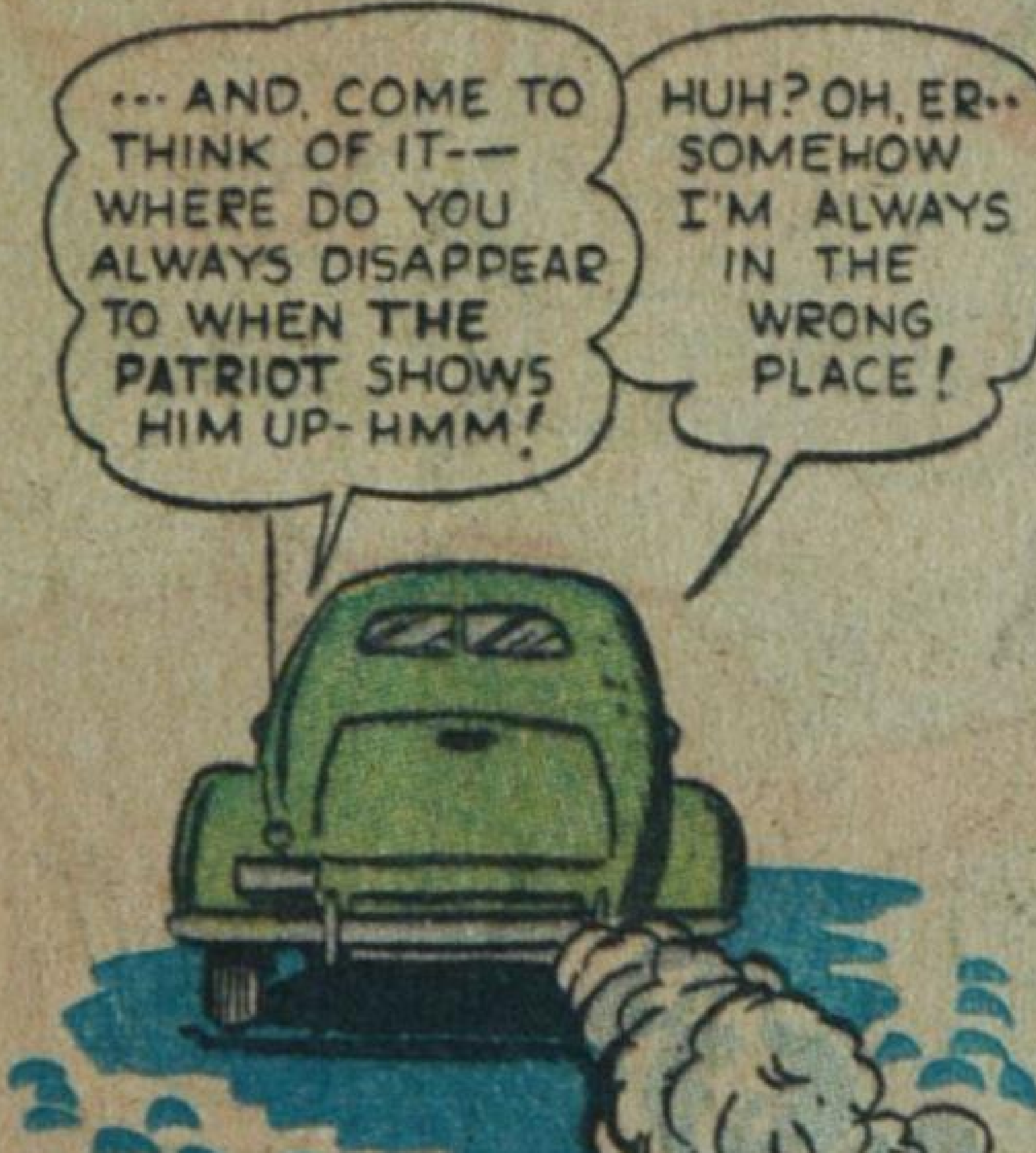

I WANT YOU, TOO- STOP THIS TRUCK!
BUT SUDDENLY··· THE HUGE TRUCK SWERVES, AS THE DRIVER LOSES CONTROL! IT CROSSES THE ROAD··· AND SMASHES INTO A TELEGRAPH POLE!
HOLY CATS! WHAT A MESS!
CRACK!
SO, YOU'RE ALIVE-AND THERE'S THE DOUGH! NOW TO GET YOU LUGS BACK!
HOLD ON, MISTER! I HAVE A COUPLE OF CROOKS HERE— GIVE ME A LIFT, WILL YOU?
GEE! THE PATRIOT! SURE-PILE 'EM IN AND LET'S GO!
AP172
BACK TO TOWN SPEEDS THE CAR- THE CROOKS, BATTERED INTO SUBMISSION, IN THE REAR.
WHERE TO, PATRIOT? GOSH! JUST WAIT TILL MY WIFE HEARS ABOUT THIS!
THE U.S.O. SHOW- THIS LITTLE EPISODE ISN'T QUITE WOUND UP YET!
AND PULLS UP IN FRONT OF THE THEATER···
NAB THOSE TWO MEN IN THAT CAR, OFFICER-THEY'RE THE ONES WHO PULLED THE JOB!
BE GORRAH, THAT I WILL PATRIOT! 'TIS A PLEASURE!
THEN, INSIDE···
HERE'S YOUR MONEY- HANG ON TO IT. I STILL HAVE SOME-THING TO FINISH!
WHY- IT'S THE PATRIOT! THANKS— WOW! THIS IS SOMETHING!


THEN··· THE PATRIOT TURNS··· AND RUNS TOWARD A CRINGING FIGURE IN THE WINGS···
THERE'S THE STAGE-HAND THAT PLACED THE BOX OVER THE TRAP DOOR! COME HERE, YOU!
WHAT? NO! NO!




HE WAS WORKING IN CAHOOTS WITH THE OTHERS. I OUGHT TO SLAP HIS EARS DOWN!
BUT I'D BETTER GET BACK INTO MY CLOTHES BEFORE MARY SUSPECTS ANYTHING!


LATER···
WHAT A STORY! WHY COULDN'T YOU BE LIKE THE PATRIOT!
HEH, HEH! GUESS I'M NOT BUILT FOR IT, THAT'S ALL!

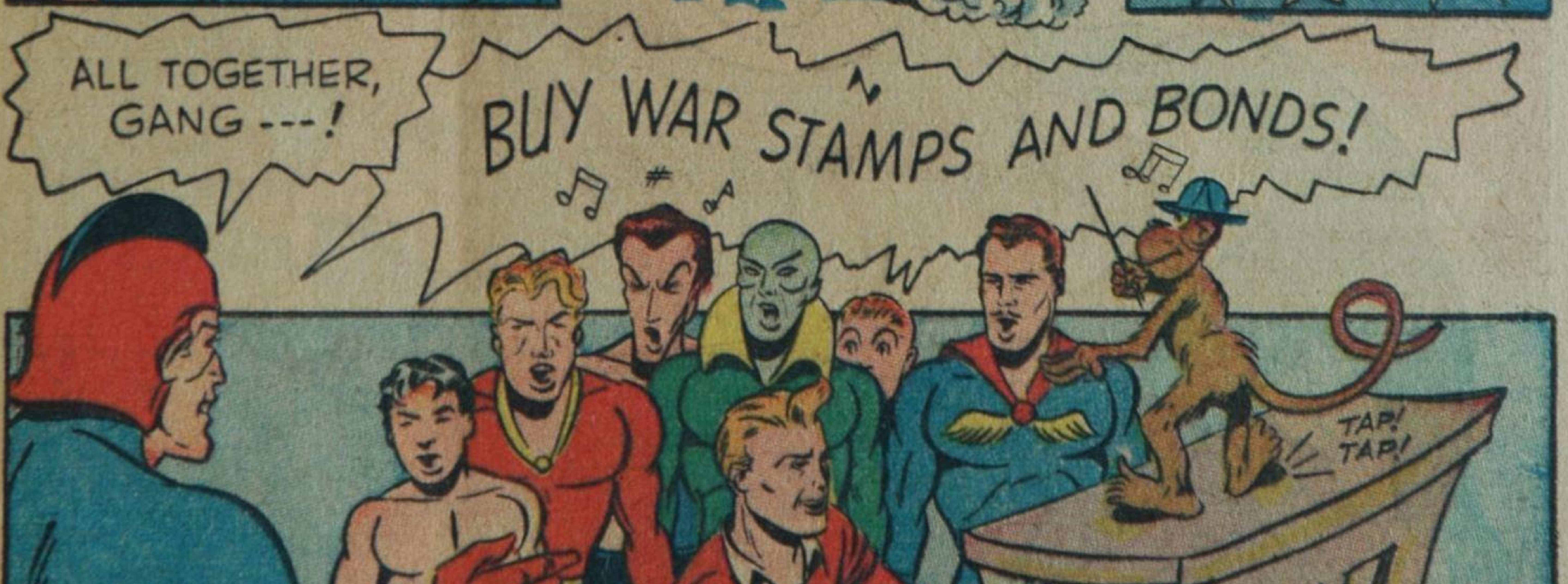

···AND, COME TO THINK OF IT-- WHERE DO YOU ALWAYS DISAPPEAR TO WHEN THE PATRIOT SHOWS HIM UP-HMM!
HUH? OH, ER·· SOMEHOW I'M ALWAYS IN THE WRONG PLACE!

WHAT'S THIS?

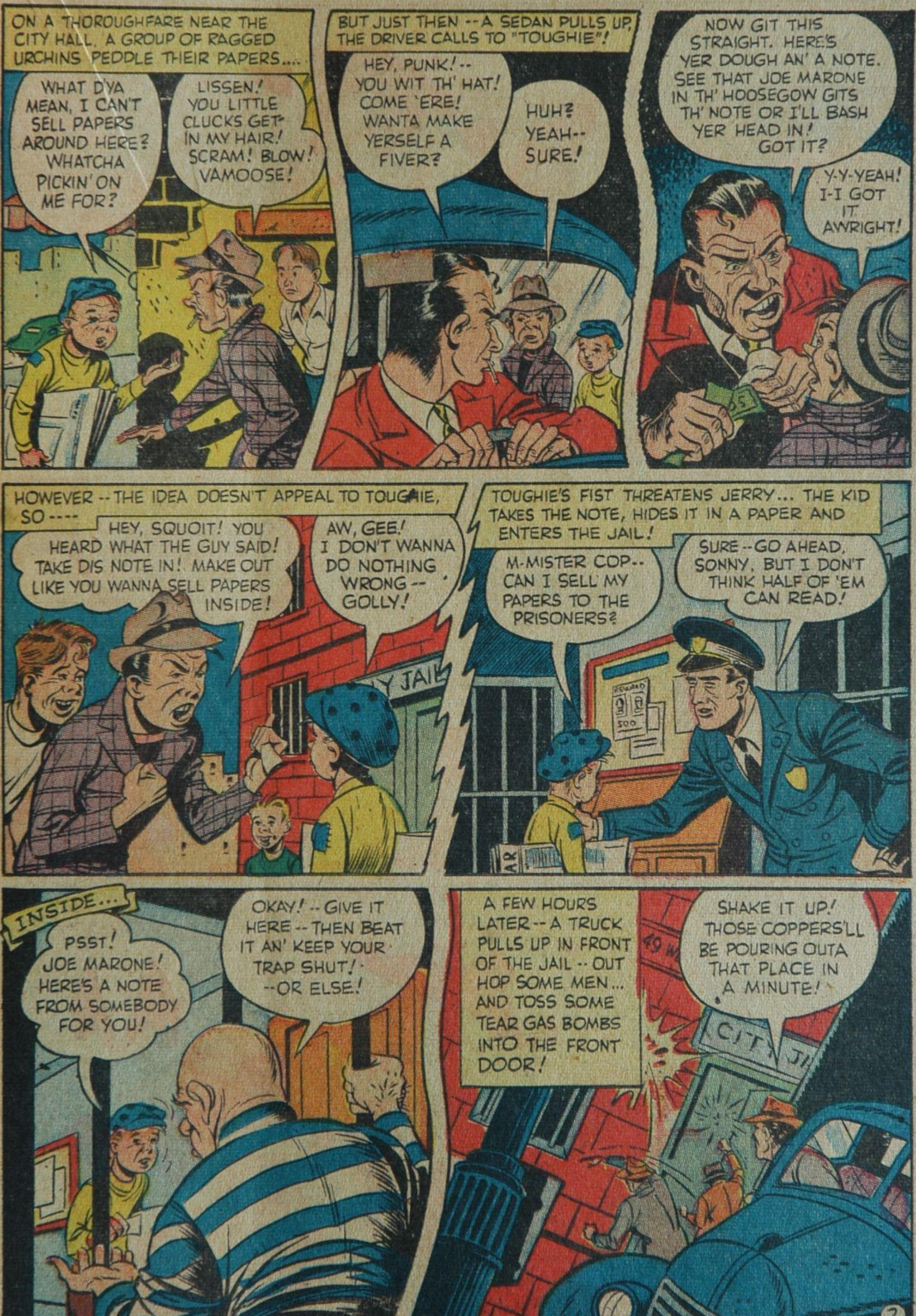
DOES MARY SUSPECT THAT JEFF MACE IS THE PATRIOT?

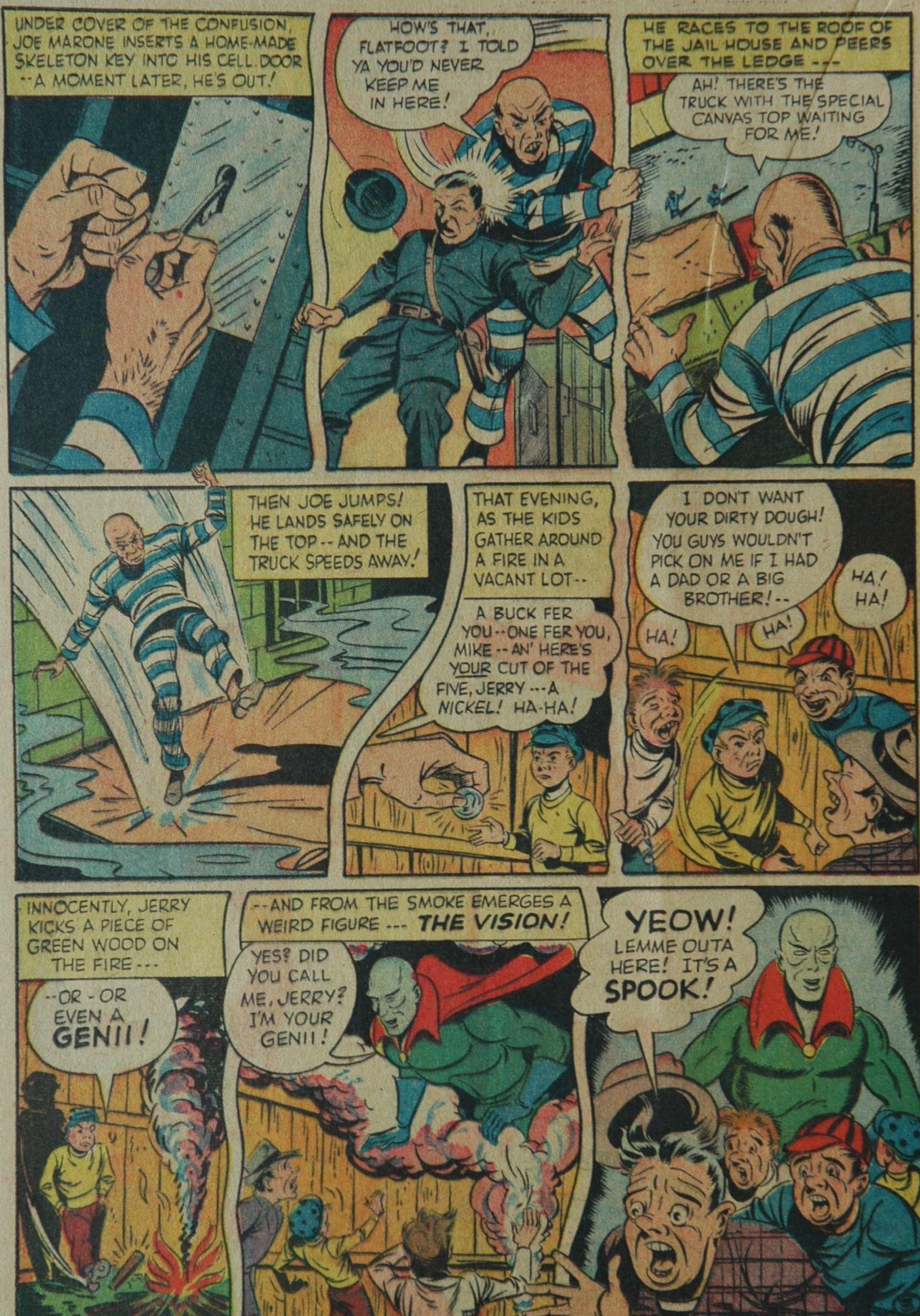
MORE IN THE NEXT

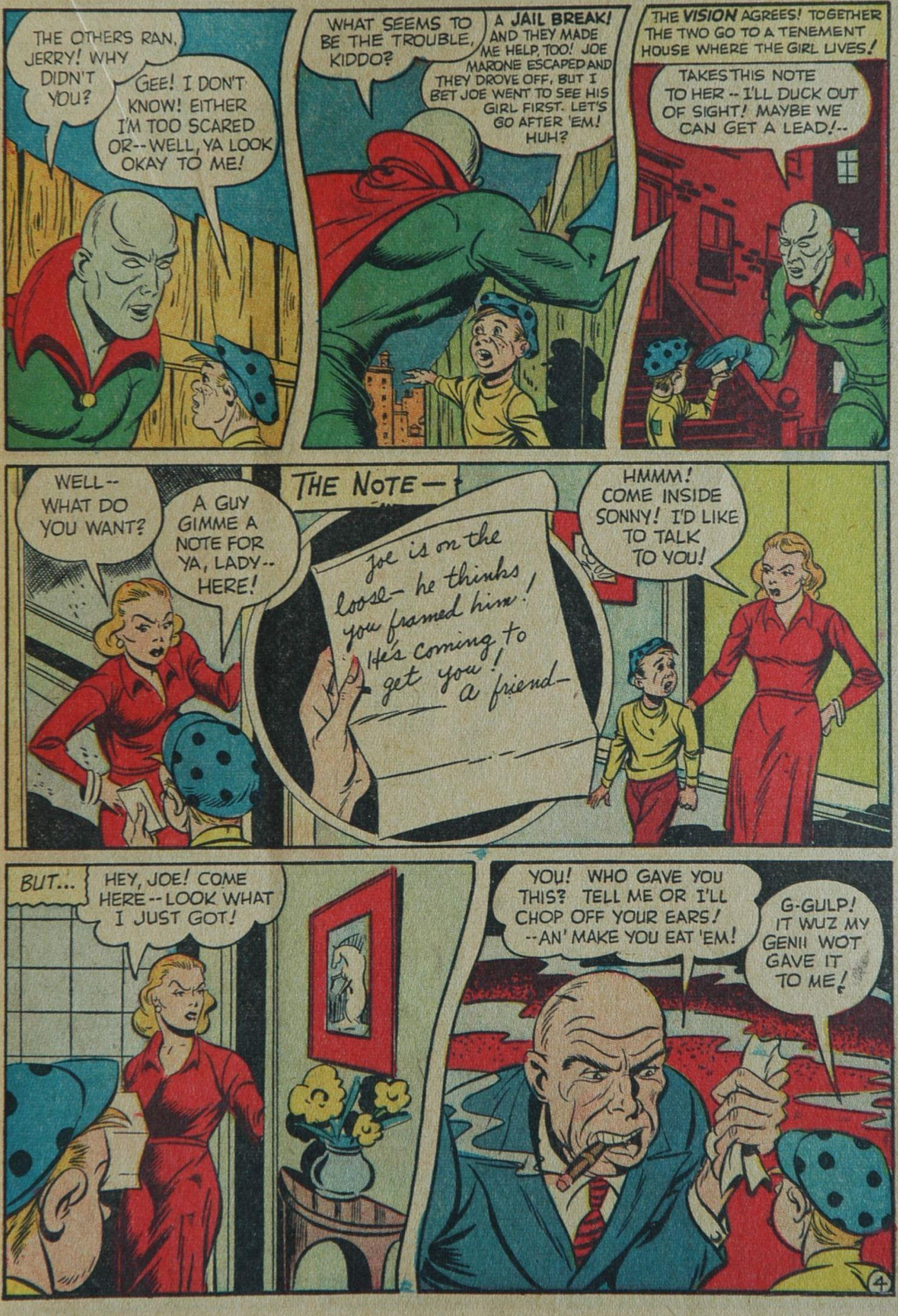
MARVEL!


ALL TOGETHER, GANG---!
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS!
TAP! TAP!
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

THE VISION
"DEAD-END DYNAMITE!"
LITTLE JERRY GOT IN ONE HECK OF A SPOT -- UNTIL THE VISION, HIS MODERN GENII, CAST SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT BY DIMMING A FEW "LAMPS"!
JERRY (HIMSELF)
JOE
PANG!

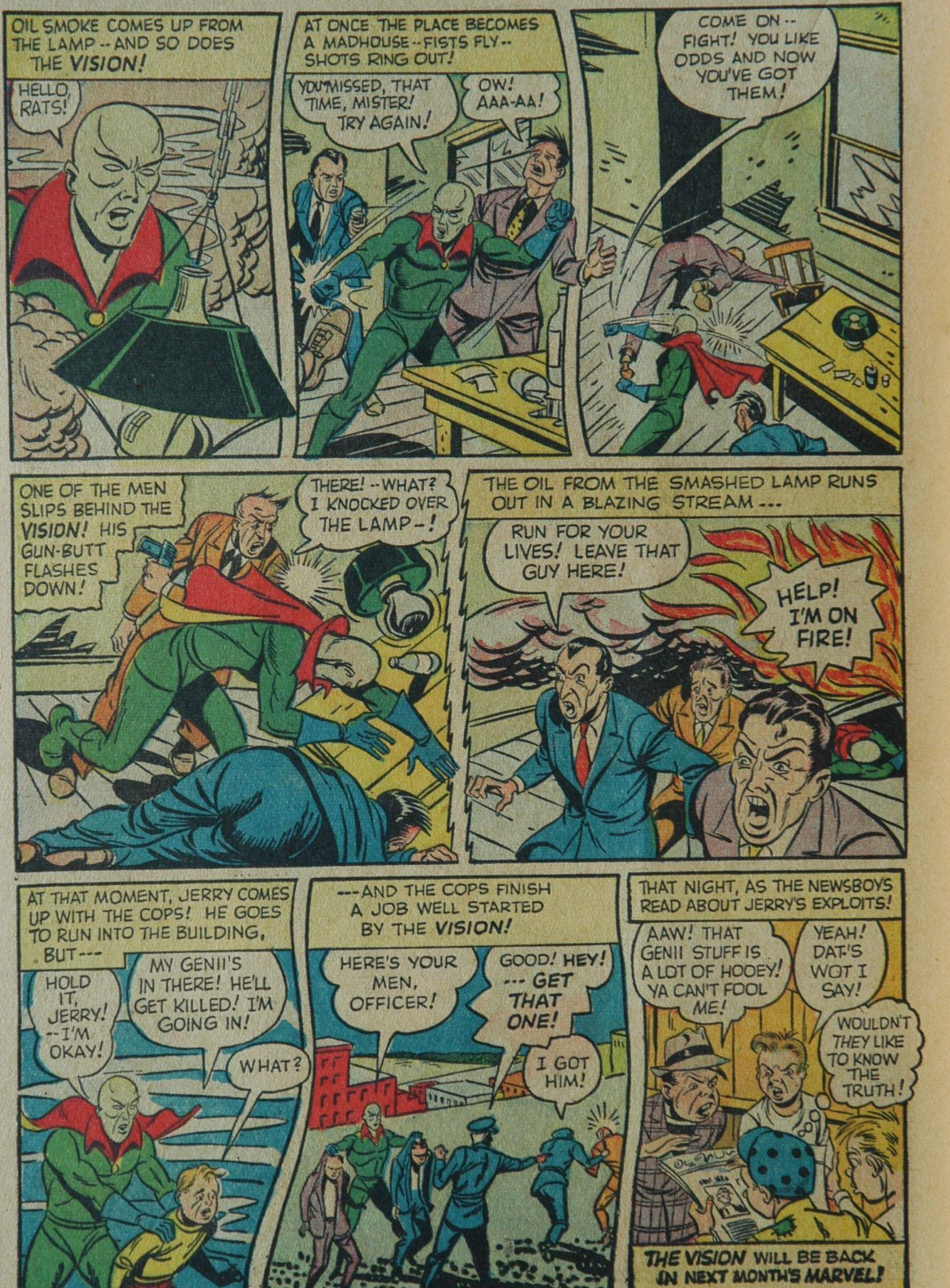

ON A THOROUGHFARE NEAR THE CITY HALL, A GROUP OF RAGGED URCHINS PEDDLE THEIR PAPERS....
WHAT D'YA MEAN, I CAN'T SELL PAPERS AROUND HERE? WHATCHA PICKIN' ON ME FOR?
LISSEN! YOU LITTLE CLUCKS GET IN MY HAIR! SCRAM! BLOW! VAMOOSE!
BUT JUST THEN -- A SEDAN PULLS UP, THE DRIVER CALLS TO "TOUGHIE"!
HEY, PUNK! -- YOU WIT TH' HAT! COME 'ERE! WANTA MAKE YERSELF A FIVER?
HUH? YEAH-- SURE!
NOW GIT THIS STRAIGHT. HERE'S YER DOUGH AN' A NOTE. SEE THAT JOE MARONE IN TH' HOOSEGOW GITS TH' NOTE OR I'LL BASH YER HEAD IN! GOT IT?
Y-Y-YEAH! I-I GOT IT AWRIGHT!
HOWEVER -- THE IDEA DOESN'T APPEAL TO TOUGHIE, SO ----
HEY, SQUOIT! YOU HEARD WHAT THE GUY SAID! TAKE DIS NOTE IN! MAKE OUT LIKE YOU WANNA SELL PAPERS INSIDE!
AW, GEE! I DON'T WANNA DO NOTHING WRONG -- GOLLY!
Y JAIL
TOUGHIE'S FIST THREATENS JERRY... THE KID TAKES THE NOTE, HIDES IT IN A PAPER AND ENTERS THE JAIL!
M-MISTER COP-- CAN I SELL MY PAPERS TO THE PRISONERS?
SURE -- GO AHEAD, SONNY, BUT I DON'T THINK HALF OF 'EM CAN READ!
REWARD
500
AR
INSIDE...
PSST! JOE MARONE! HERE'S A NOTE FROM SOMEBODY FOR YOU!
OKAY! -- GIVE IT HERE -- THEN BEAT IT AN' KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT! -- OR ELSE!
A FEW HOURS LATER -- A TRUCK PULLS UP IN FRONT OF THE JAIL -- OUT HOP SOME MEN... AND TOSS SOME TEAR GAS BOMBS INTO THE FRONT DOOR!
49 W
SHAKE IT UP! THOSE COPPERS'LL BE POURING OUTA THAT PLACE IN A MINUTE!
CITY JA

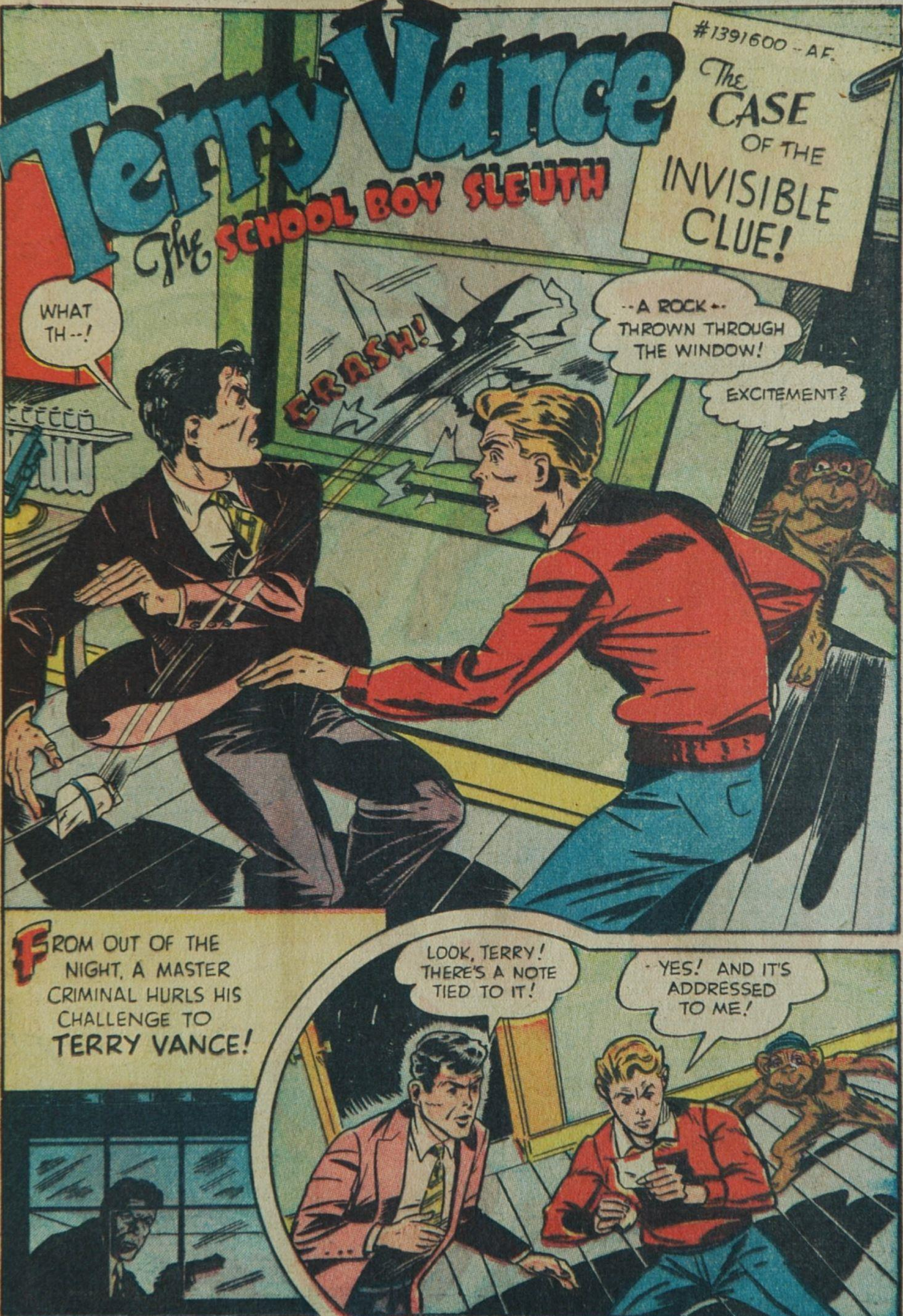

UNDER COVER OF THE CONFUSION, JOE MARONE INSERTS A HOME-MADE SKELETON KEY INTO HIS CELL DOOR --A MOMENT LATER, HE'S OUT!
HOW'S THAT, FLATFOOT? I TOLD YA YOU'D NEVER KEEP ME IN HERE!
HE RACES TO THE ROOF OF THE JAIL HOUSE AND PEERS OVER THE LEDGE ---
AH! THERE'S THE TRUCK WITH THE SPECIAL CANVAS TOP WAITING FOR ME!
THEN JOE JUMPS! HE LANDS SAFELY ON THE TOP -- AND THE TRUCK SPEEDS AWAY!
THAT EVENING, AS THE KIDS GATHER AROUND A FIRE IN A VACANT LOT --
A BUCK FER YOU -- ONE FER YOU, MIKE -- AN' HERE'S YOUR CUT OF THE FIVE, JERRY --- A NICKEL! HA-HA!
I DON'T WANT YOUR DIRTY DOUGH! YOU GUYS WOULDN'T PICK ON ME IF I HAD A DAD OR A BIG BROTHER! --
HA! HA!
HA!
HA!
INNOCENTLY, JERRY KICKS A PIECE OF GREEN WOOD ON THE FIRE ---
-- OR - OR EVEN A GENII!
-- AND FROM THE SMOKE EMERGES A WEIRD FIGURE --- THE VISION!
YES? DID YOU CALL ME, JERRY? I'M YOUR GENII!
YEOW! LEMME OUTA HERE! IT'S A SPOOK!


THE OTHERS RAN, JERRY! WHY DIDN'T YOU?
GEE! I DON'T KNOW! EITHER I'M TOO SCARED OR--WELL, YA LOOK OKAY TO ME!
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, KIDDO?
A JAIL BREAK! AND THEY MADE ME HELP, TOO! JOE MARONE ESCAPED AND THEY DROVE OFF, BUT I BET JOE WENT TO SEE HIS GIRL FIRST. LET'S GO AFTER 'EM! HUH?
THE VISION AGREES! TOGETHER THE TWO GO TO A TENEMENT HOUSE WHERE THE GIRL LIVES!
TAKE THIS NOTE TO HER -- I'LL DUCK OUT OF SIGHT! MAYBE WE CAN GET A LEAD!--
WELL-- WHAT DO YOU WANT?
A GUY GIMME A NOTE FOR YA, LADY-- HERE!
THE NOTE--
Joe is on the loose- he thinks you framed him! He's coming to get you! a friend-
HMMM! COME INSIDE SONNY! I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU!
BUT...
HEY, JOE! COME HERE--LOOK WHAT I JUST GOT!
YOU! WHO GAVE YOU THIS? TELL ME OR I'LL CHOP OFF YOUR EARS! --AN' MAKE YOU EAT 'EM!
G-GULP! IT WUZ MY GENII WOT GAVE IT TO ME!
4

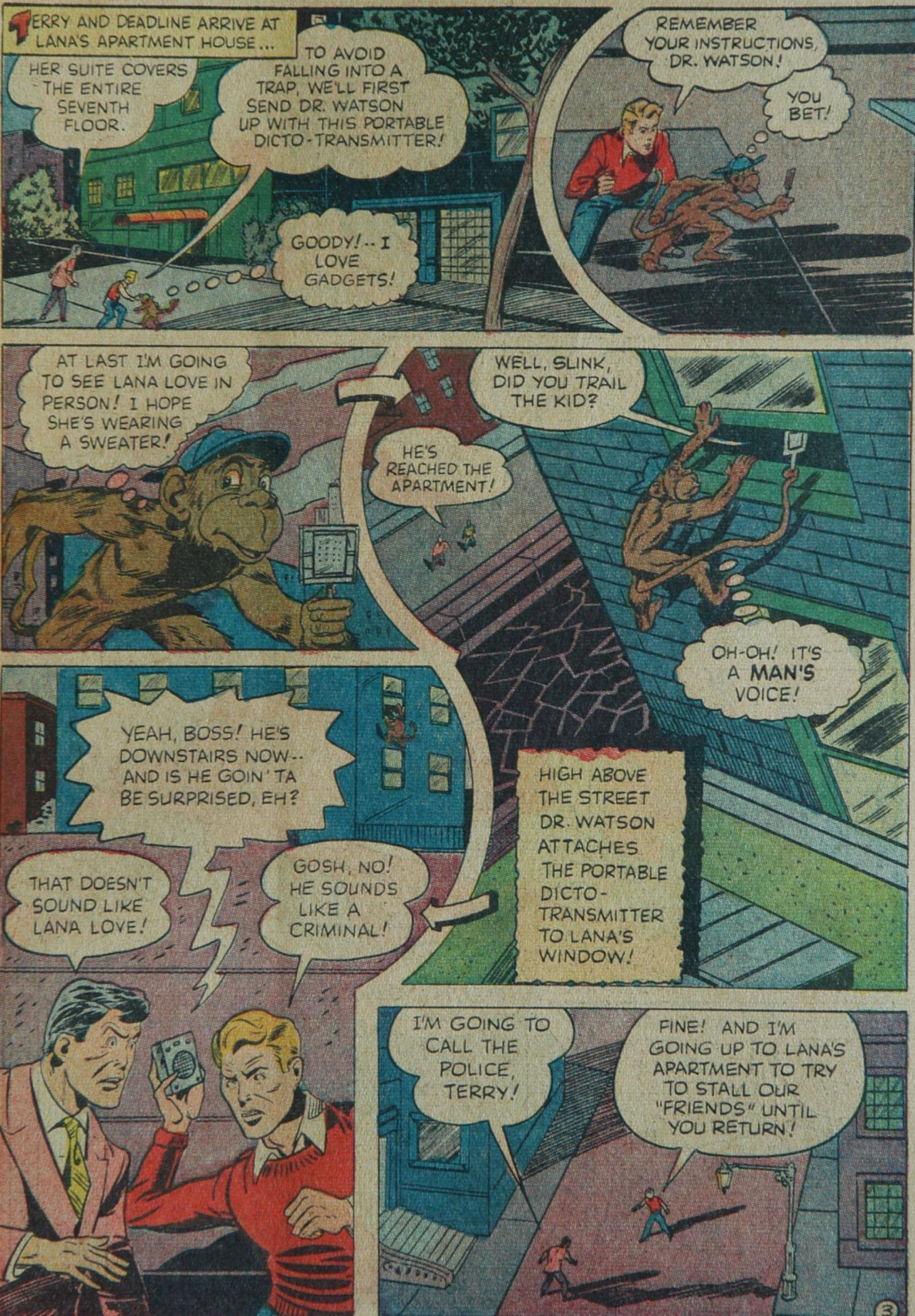
WHAT! WHO DO YA THINK YOU'RE KIDDING? COUGH UP FAST, YA LITTLE --!
AND THEN -- FROM THE DENSE SMOKE OF THE GANGSTERS CIGAR MATERIALIZES --- THE VISION!
HE TOLD YOU RIGHT THE FIRST TIME RAT! NOW -- I'M SHOWING YOU!
W-WHO ARE YOU? -- LEGGO ME! AWK!
MY NAME DOESN'T MATTER! IT'S WHAT I DO THAT COUNTS!
SEE WHAT I MEAN? THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO LAY OFF THE KIDS!
HOLD IT, BIG BOY! ONE MOVE AND I'LL PLUG THE KID! GET OUTSIDE, JOE!
--AND DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW US OR IT'LL BE CURTAINS FOR BOTH OF YOU!
OUTSIDE -- THEY PUSH JERRY INTO THE CAR -- THE MOTOR RACES, AND THEY SHOOT AWAY!
WONDER WHO THAT LUG WAS?
I DON'T KNOW! JUST KEEP THAT KID QUIET UNTIL WE GET OUT OF HERE!
WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM?
GIVE HIM THE WORKS WHEN I STOP THE CAR -- BUT MAKE IT FAST!

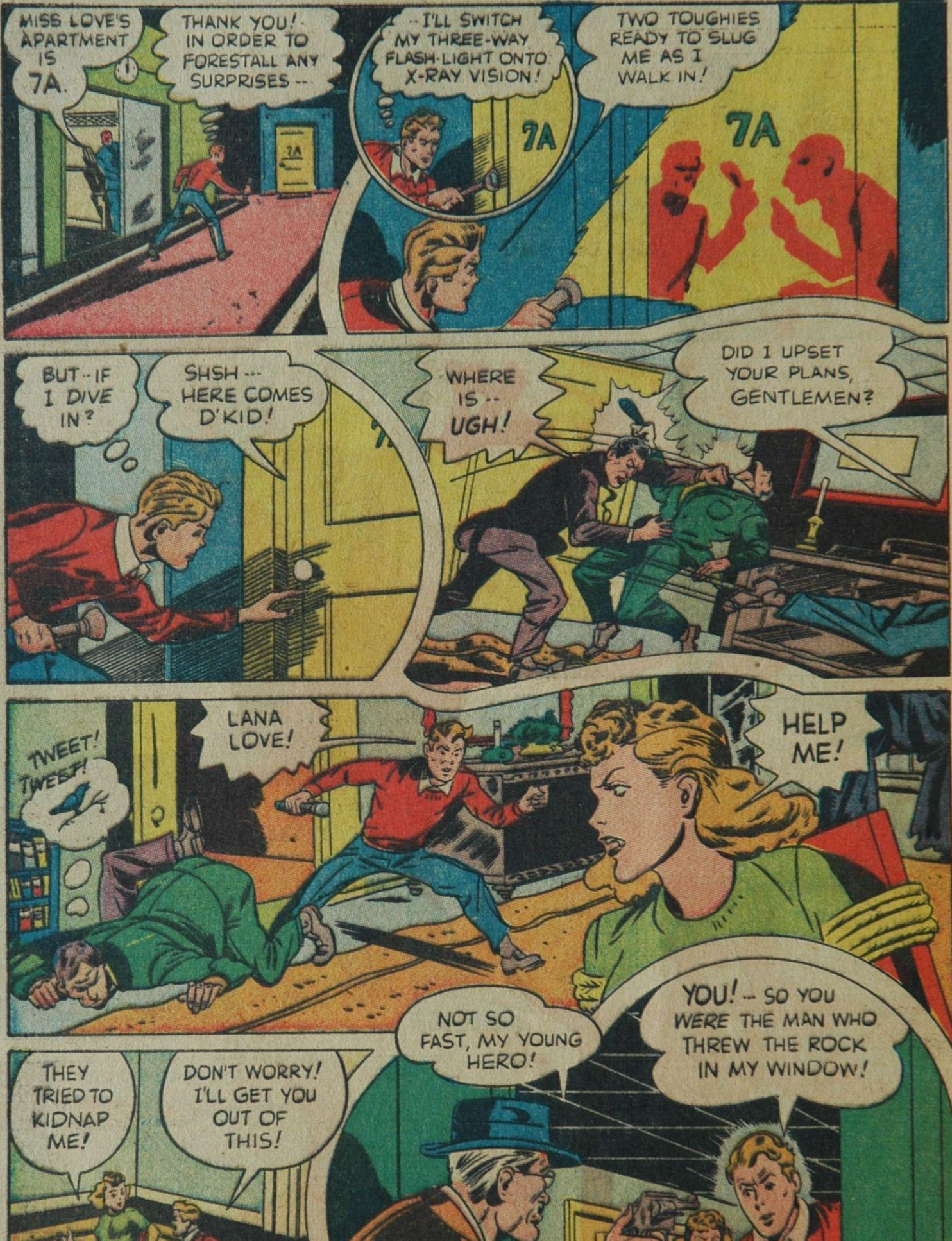
AS THE CAR REACHES A BRIDGE, THE BRAKES SQUEAL AND SMOKE --AND FROM THE TORTURED RUBBER THE **VISION** ARISES!
THE FOOLS! THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY TO CATCH THEM!
SCEEEEEEEK
THEN -- AS JOE COMES OUT OF THE CAR, THE **VISION** STRIKES!
WHAT TH--! HEY! IT'S **HIM**!
THIS IS WHERE I LEFT OFF BEFORE!
THE GIRL WHIPS OUT A GUN -- BUT JERRY HITS IT AWAY -- AND IT FLIES OVER THE BRIDGE!
STICK 'EM UP -- *HEY!* YOU LITTLE SHRIMP!
NOBODY'S GONNA SHOOT **MY** GENII!
NOW -- UNLESS YOU WANT TO GET TURNED INSIDE OUT-- WHERE'S THE REST OF THE GANG?
D-DON'T HIT ME AGAIN! T-THEY'RE AT AN OLD SHACK ON THE END OF JANET LANE!
SECONDS LATER, THE TWO ARE TRUSSED UP -- THE **VISION** TURNS TO JERRY...
YOU GO FOR THE COPS, JERRY! I'LL GO AHEAD TO THE SHACK!
THEN, HOPPING IN THE CAR, THE **VISION** DRIVES TO THE SHACK AND PULLS UP ---
THIS IS THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT! NOW FOR THE REST!
THERE THEY ARE! THAT LAMP -- I CAN GO IN THAT WAY!
6

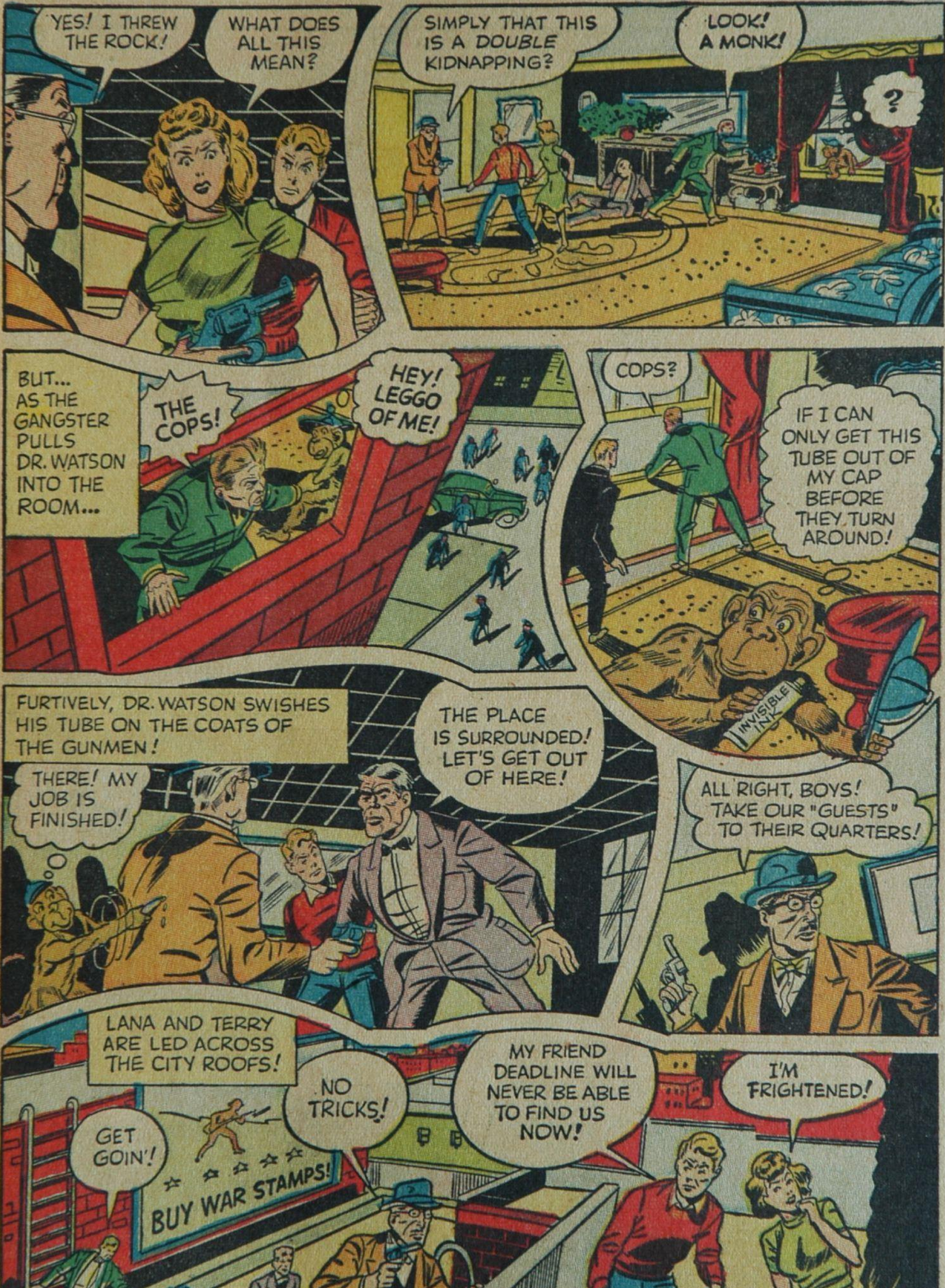

OIL SMOKE COMES UP FROM THE LAMP -- AND SO DOES THE VISION!
HELLO, RATS!
AT ONCE THE PLACE BECOMES A MADHOUSE -- FISTS FLY -- SHOTS RING OUT!
YOU MISSED, THAT TIME, MISTER! TRY AGAIN!
OW! AAA-AA!
COME ON -- FIGHT! YOU LIKE ODDS AND NOW YOU'VE GOT THEM!
ONE OF THE MEN SLIPS BEHIND THE VISION! HIS GUN-BUTT FLASHES DOWN!
THERE! -- WHAT? I KNOCKED OVER THE LAMP--!
THE OIL FROM THE SMASHED LAMP RUNS OUT IN A BLAZING STREAM ---
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! LEAVE THAT GUY HERE!
HELP! I'M ON FIRE!
AT THAT MOMENT, JERRY COMES UP WITH THE COPS! HE GOES TO RUN INTO THE BUILDING, BUT ---
MY GENII'S IN THERE! HE'LL GET KILLED! I'M GOING IN!
HOLD IT, JERRY! -- I'M OKAY!
WHAT?
--- AND THE COPS FINISH A JOB WELL STARTED BY THE VISION!
HERE'S YOUR MEN, OFFICER!
GOOD! HEY! --- GET THAT ONE!
I GOT HIM!
THAT NIGHT, AS THE NEWSBOYS READ ABOUT JERRY'S EXPLOITS!
AAW! THAT GENII STUFF IS A LOT OF HOOEY! YA CAN'T FOOL ME!
YEAH! DAT'S WOT I SAY!
WOULDN'T THEY LIKE TO KNOW THE TRUTH!
THE VISION WILL BE BACK IN NEXT MONTH'S MARVEL!

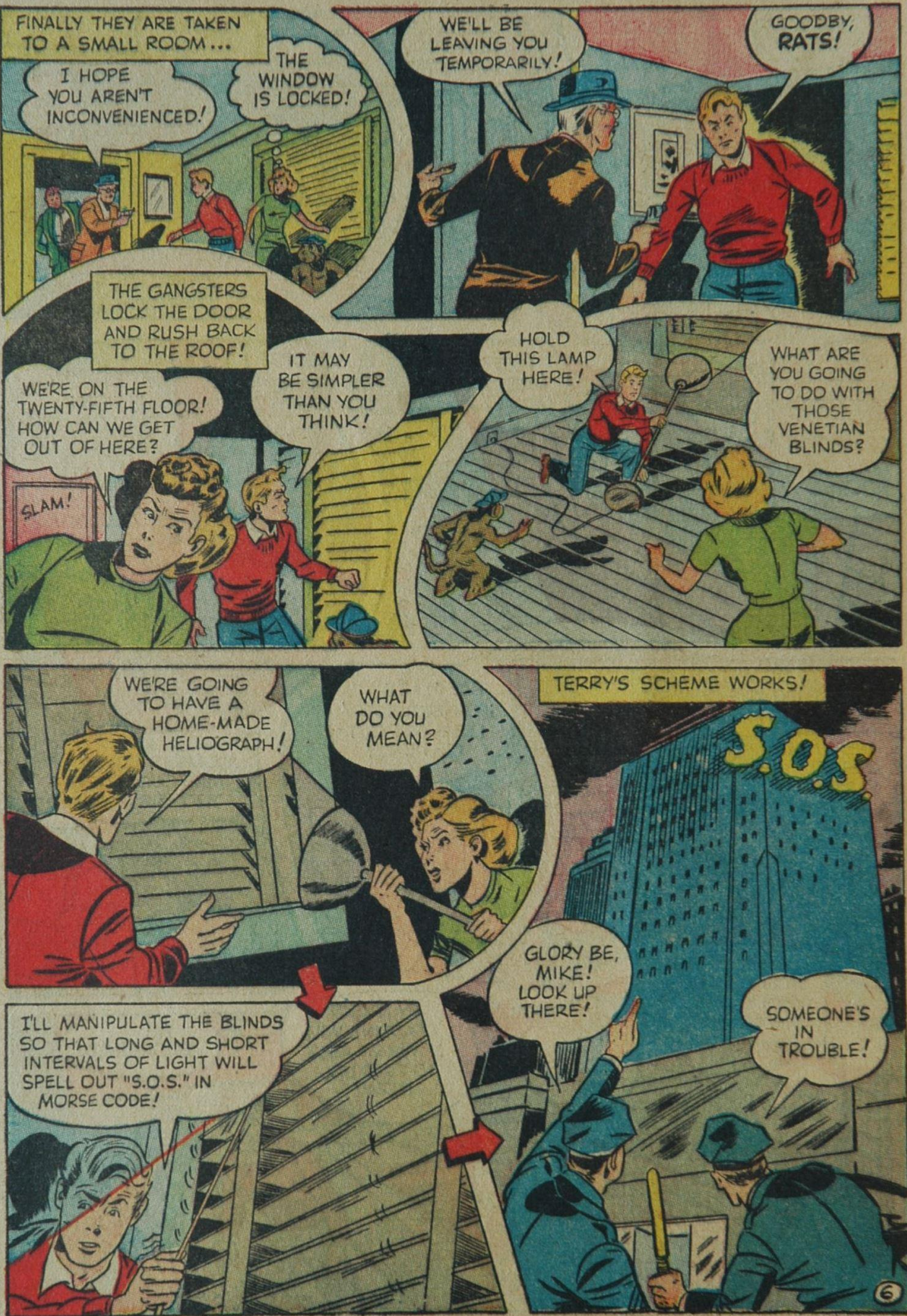

Terry Vance
The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
#1391600 -- AF.
The CASE OF THE INVISIBLE CLUE!
WHAT TH--!
CRASH!
--A ROCK-- THROWN THROUGH THE WINDOW!
EXCITEMENT?
FROM OUT OF THE NIGHT, A MASTER CRIMINAL HURLS HIS CHALLENGE TO TERRY VANCE!
LOOK, TERRY! THERE'S A NOTE TIED TO IT!
-YES! AND IT'S ADDRESSED TO ME!

IT'S SAYS, "KEEP AWAY" FROM THE APARTMENT OF LANA LOVE!
WOW! THAT MUST BE LANA LOVE, THE MOVIE STAR!
OBOY! -- A GLAMOUR GIRL!
BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW HER! THERE'S SOMETHING PHONEY ABOUT THIS!
LET'S RUN OUTSIDE! --AND TRY TO PICK UP THE FELLOW WHO THREW THE ROCK!
GOOD IDEA, DEADLINE!
DEADLINE RUSHES OUT--
WAIT A MINUTE, MISTER!
EH?
DID YOU THROW THIS ROCK?
OF COURSE NOT!
YEAH! AND WHAT ABOUT THIS NOTE CONCERNING LANA LOVE?
I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THAT NOTE OR MISS LOVE, EXCEPT THAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAY SHE HAS BEEN THREATENED WITH KIDNAPPING!
THIS IS SERIOUS!
NOW.. IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME!
HEY! COME BACK HERE!
HE'S GONE!
YES! AND I'M GOING TO VISIT LANA LOVE'S APARTMENT!
DON'T BE FOOLISH! WHOEVER SENT THAT NOTE WANTS TO LURE YOU THERE -- IT'S A TRAP!
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!
2

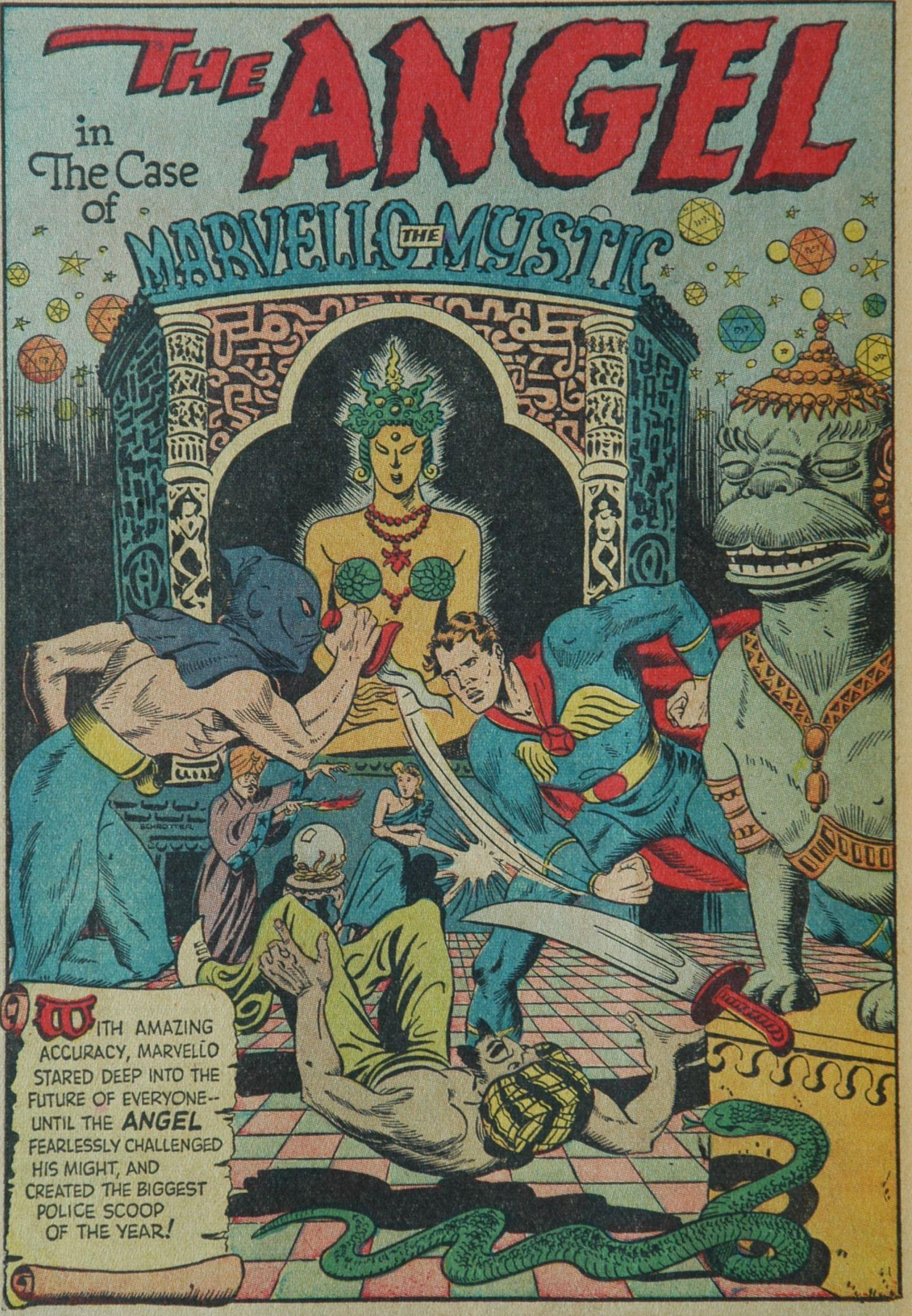

TERRY AND DEADLINE ARRIVE AT LANA'S APARTMENT HOUSE...
HER SUITE COVERS THE ENTIRE SEVENTH FLOOR.
TO AVOID FALLING INTO A TRAP, WE'LL FIRST SEND DR. WATSON UP WITH THIS PORTABLE DICTO-TRANSMITTER!
GOODY! -- I LOVE GADGETS!
REMEMBER YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, DR. WATSON!
YOU BET!
AT LAST I'M GOING TO SEE LANA LOVE IN PERSON! I HOPE SHE'S WEARING A SWEATER!
WELL, SLINK, DID YOU TRAIL THE KID?
HE'S REACHED THE APARTMENT!
OH-OH! IT'S A MAN'S VOICE!
HIGH ABOVE THE STREET DR. WATSON ATTACHES THE PORTABLE DICTO-TRANSMITTER TO LANA'S WINDOW!
YEAH, BOSS! HE'S DOWNSTAIRS NOW-- AND IS HE GOIN' TA BE SURPRISED, EH?
THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE LANA LOVE!
GOSH, NO! HE SOUNDS LIKE A CRIMINAL!
I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE, TERRY!
FINE! AND I'M GOING UP TO LANA'S APARTMENT TO TRY TO STALL OUR "FRIENDS" UNTIL YOU RETURN!
3

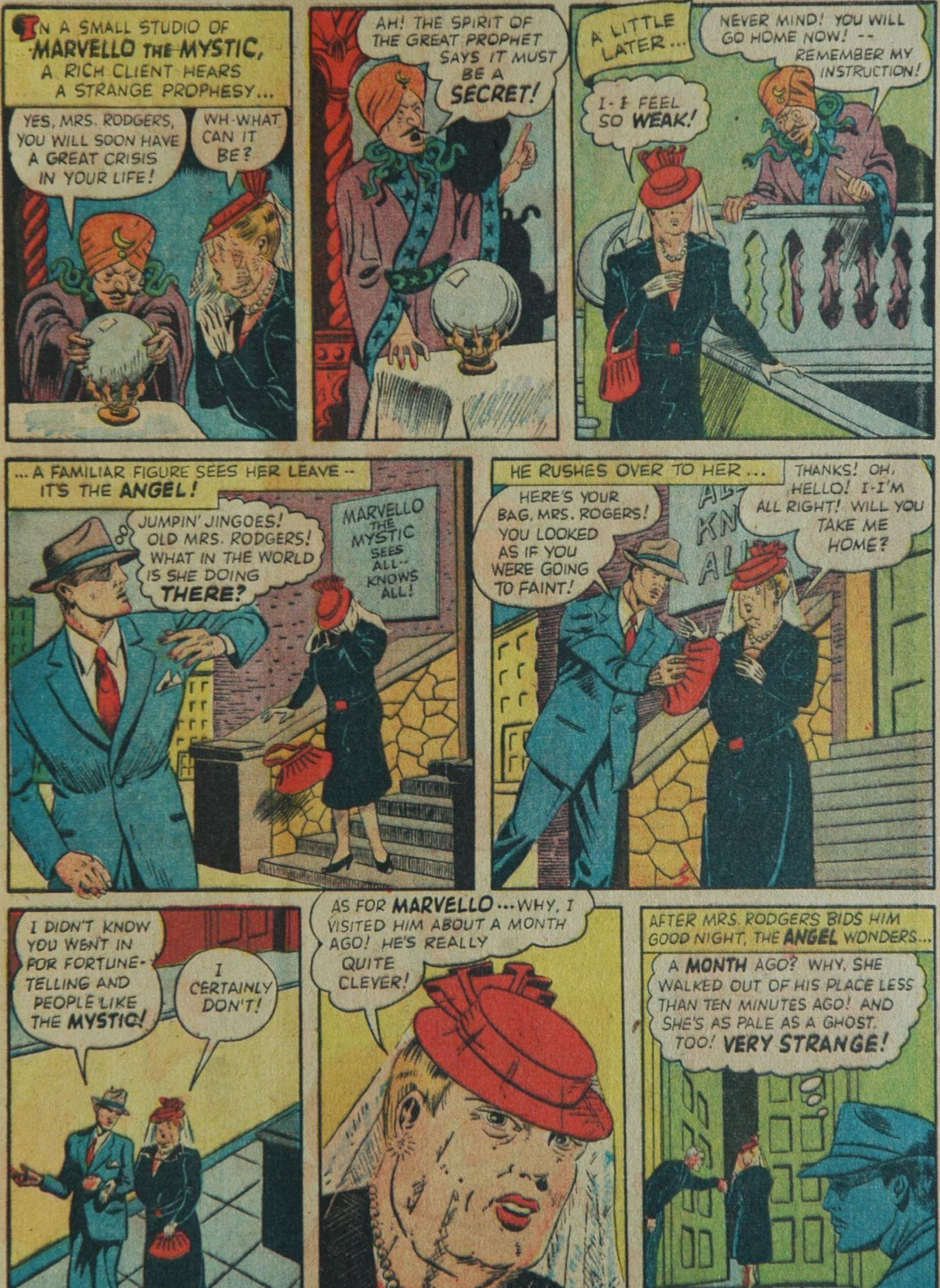

MISS LOVE'S APARTMENT IS 7A.
THANK YOU! IN ORDER TO FORESTALL ANY SURPRISES --
-- I'LL SWITCH MY THREE-WAY FLASH-LIGHT ONTO X-RAY VISION!
7A
TWO TOUGHIES READY TO SLUG ME AS I WALK IN!
7A
7A
BUT -- IF I DIVE IN?
SHSH --- HERE COMES D'KID!
WHERE IS -- UGH!
DID I UPSET YOUR PLANS, GENTLEMEN?
TWEET! TWEET!
LANA LOVE!
HELP ME!
THEY TRIED TO KIDNAP ME!
DON'T WORRY! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS!
NOT SO FAST, MY YOUNG HERO!
YOU! -- SO YOU WERE THE MAN WHO THREW THE ROCK IN MY WINDOW!
4

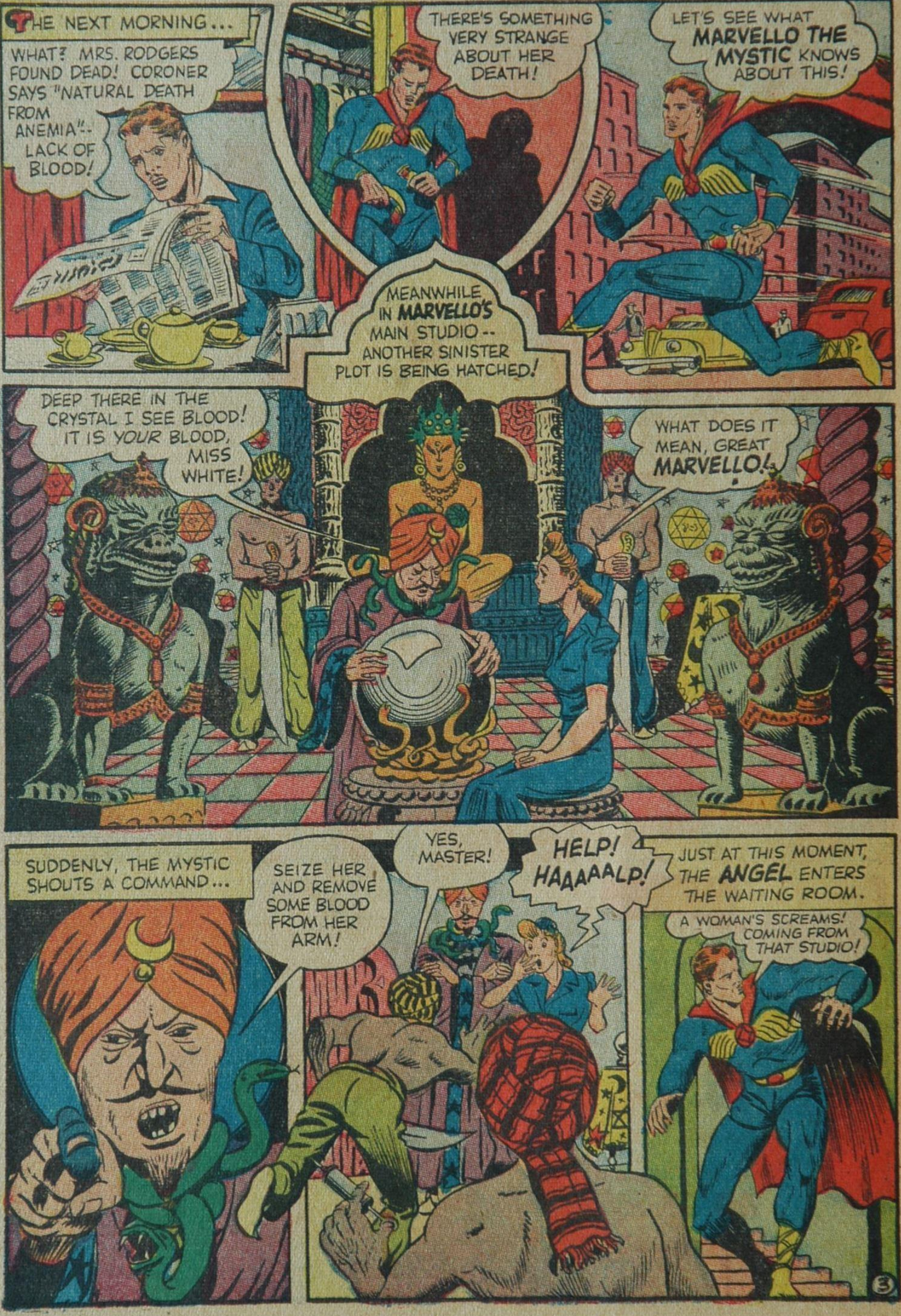

YES! I THREW THE ROCK!
WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN?
SIMPLY THAT THIS IS A *DOUBLE* KIDNAPPING?
LOOK! A MONK!
?
BUT... AS THE GANGSTER PULLS DR. WATSON INTO THE ROOM...
THE COPS!
HEY! LEGGO OF ME!
COPS?
IF I CAN ONLY GET THIS TUBE OUT OF MY CAP BEFORE THEY TURN AROUND!
INVISIBLE INK
FURTIVELY, DR. WATSON SWISHES HIS TUBE ON THE COATS OF THE GUNMEN!
THERE! MY JOB IS FINISHED!
THE PLACE IS SURROUNDED! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
ALL RIGHT, BOYS! TAKE OUR "GUESTS" TO THEIR QUARTERS!
LANA AND TERRY ARE LED ACROSS THE CITY ROOFS!
GET GOIN'!
NO TRICKS!
BUY WAR STAMPS!
MY FRIEND DEADLINE WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND US NOW!
I'M FRIGHTENED!

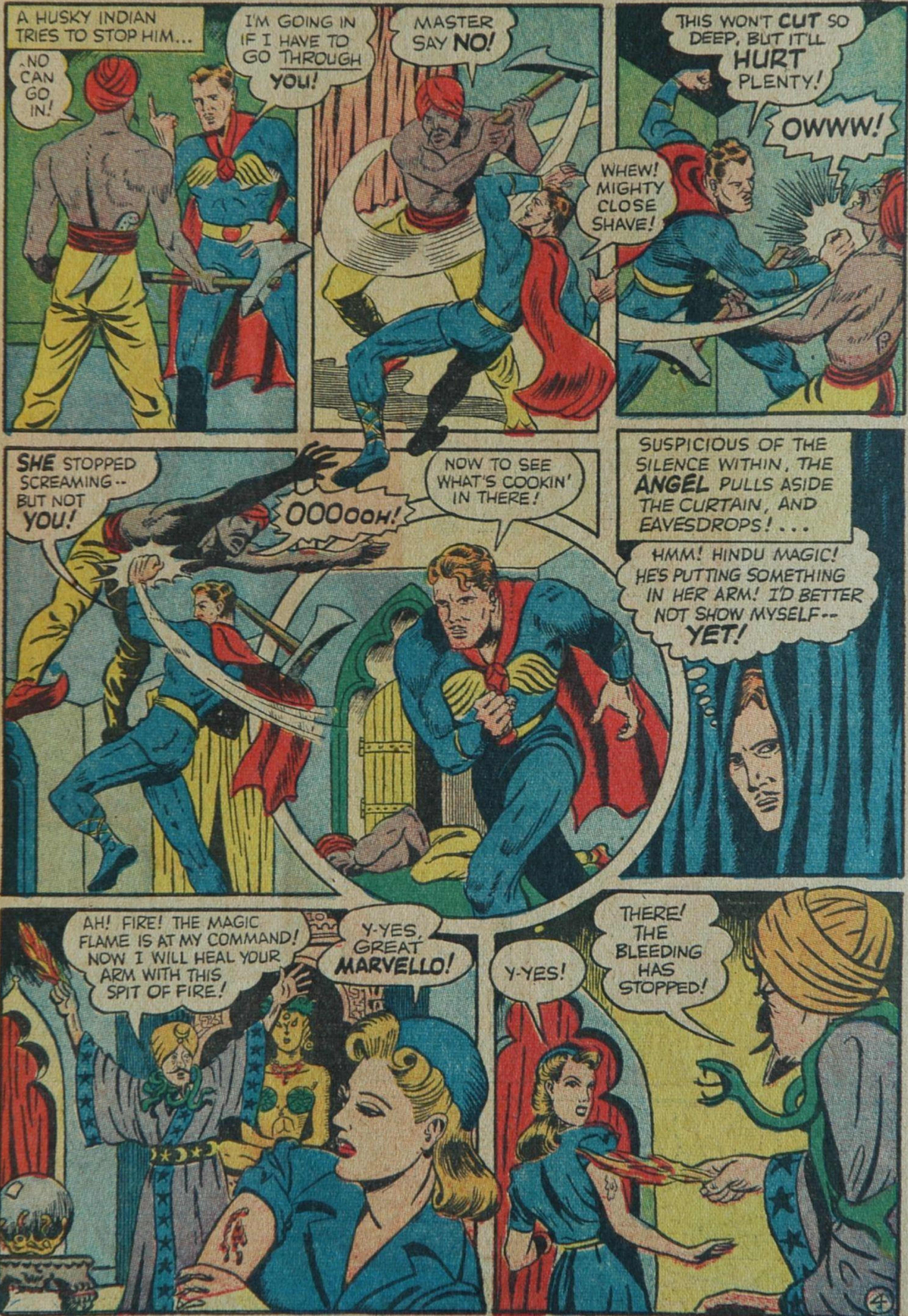

FINALLY THEY ARE TAKEN TO A SMALL ROOM...
I HOPE YOU AREN'T INCONVENIENCED!
THE WINDOW IS LOCKED!
WE'LL BE LEAVING YOU TEMPORARILY!
GOODBY, RATS!
THE GANGSTERS LOCK THE DOOR AND RUSH BACK TO THE ROOF!
WE'RE ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH FLOOR! HOW CAN WE GET OUT OF HERE?
IT MAY BE SIMPLER THAN YOU THINK!
SLAM!
HOLD THIS LAMP HERE!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THOSE VENETIAN BLINDS?
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A HOME-MADE HELIOGRAPH!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
TERRY'S SCHEME WORKS!
S.O.S.
I'LL MANIPULATE THE BLINDS SO THAT LONG AND SHORT INTERVALS OF LIGHT WILL SPELL OUT "S.O.S." IN MORSE CODE!
GLORY BE, MIKE! LOOK UP THERE!
SOMEONE'S IN TROUBLE!
6

UP THAT BUILDING, MEN!
RIGHTO, SARGE!
BEEP! BEEP!
THE POLICE BREAK IN! ---
IT'S LANA LOVE!
AND TERRY VANCE!
TERRY TELLS THE STORY OF THE ATTEMPTED KIDNAPPING...
THEN WHERE DID THE RATS GO?
MAYBE THEY'RE ON THE ROOF!
COME ON! LET'S TRY TO FIND THEM!
THEY RACE TO THE ROOF!
GOSH! IT'S DARK!
YEAH! AND IT'S GETTING SO FOGGY THAT OUR FLASHLIGHTS ARE BECOMING USELESS!
BUT DR. WATSON IS ON THE JOB! ...
MAY I BORROW YOUR THREE-WAY FLASHLIGHT, TERRY?
NOW, IF I TURN IT ON TO ITS INFRA-RED BEAM ---
THE INFRA-RED CUTS THROUGH FOG AND REVEALS DR. WATSON'S INVISIBLE INK!
DON'T SHOOT!
WHAT TH--!
THOSE MARKS ON THEIR COATS MAKE PERFECT TARGETS!
LATER...
WELL, TERRY, YOU'VE SENT ANOTHER GANG OF CRIMINALS TO THE BIG HOUSE!
IT'S DR. WATSON WHO DESERVES THE CREDIT, SIR!
YOU TELL 'EM, TERRY!
--AND HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE TO TELL 'EM! -- DON'T FORGET, GIRLS AND BOYS, ONLY ACTION WILL HELP WIN THE WAR! PROVE YOUR PATRIOTISM BY SAVING TIN, PAPER AND RUBBER FOR UNCLE SAM'S AGENCIES!
TERRY VANCE WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL

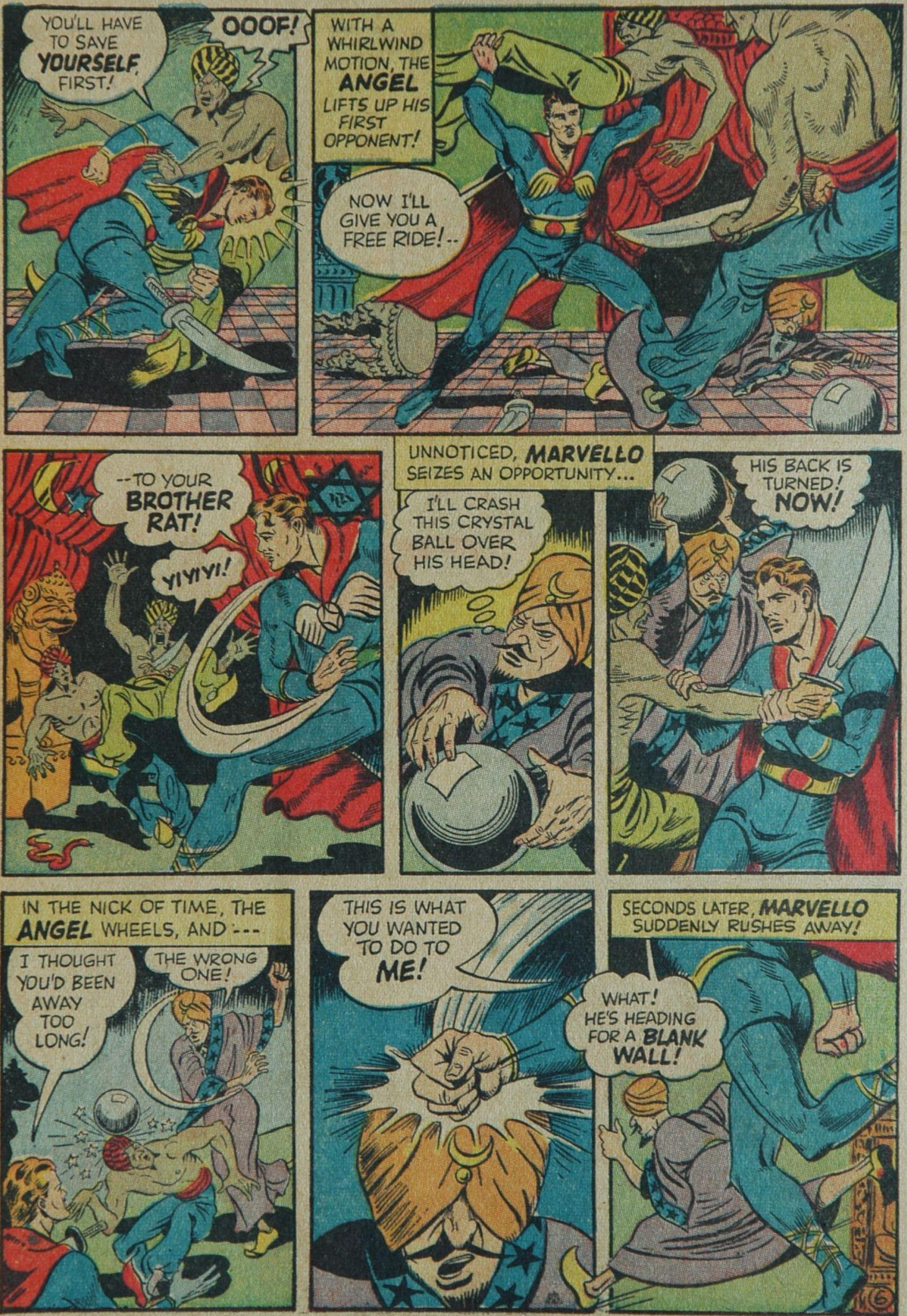

THE ANGEL
in The Case of MARVELLO THE MYSTIC
SCHROTTER
WITH AMAZING ACCURACY, MARVELLO STARED DEEP INTO THE FUTURE OF EVERYONE-- UNTIL THE ANGEL FEARLESSLY CHALLENGED HIS MIGHT, AND CREATED THE BIGGEST POLICE SCOOP OF THE YEAR!

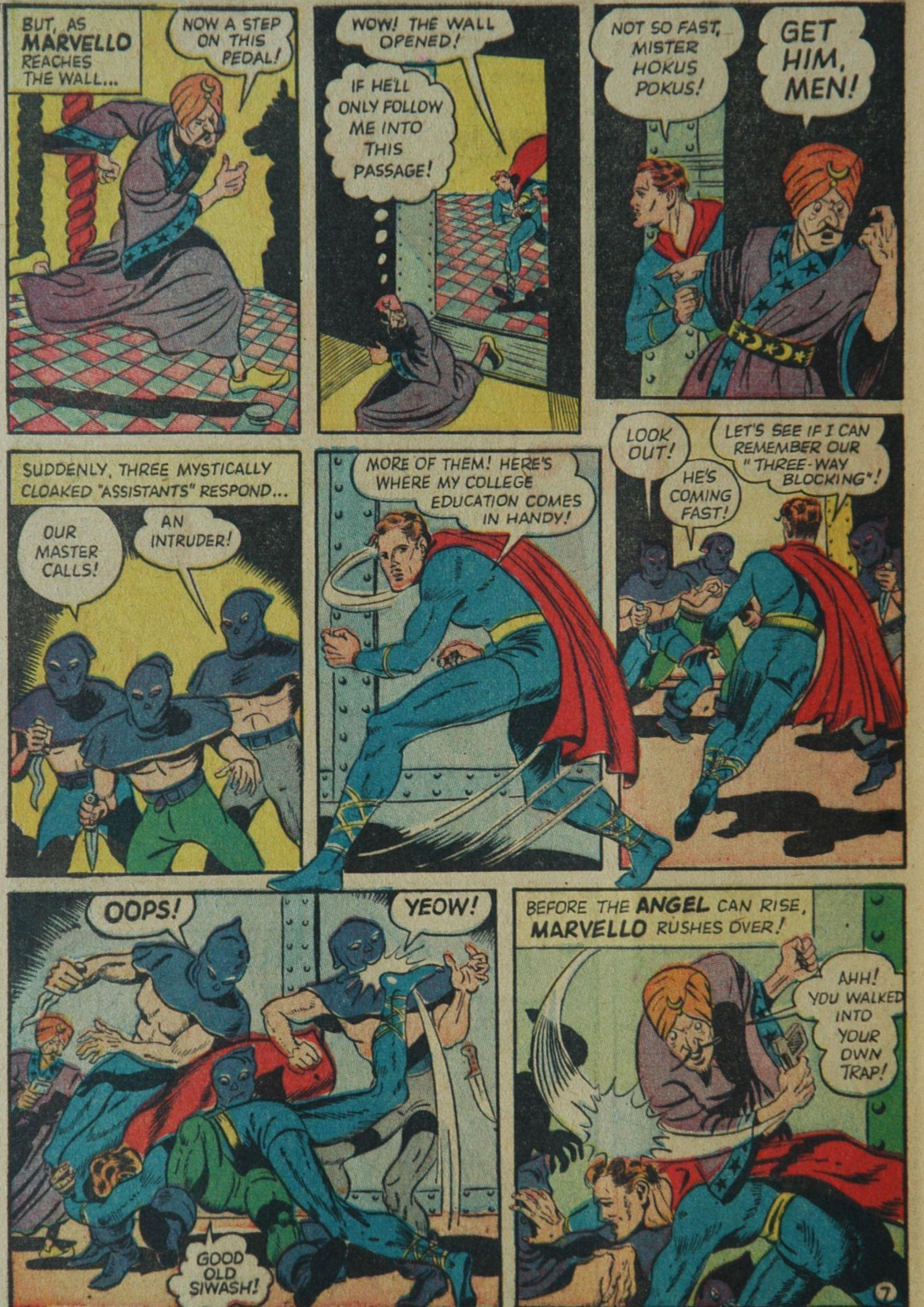

IN A SMALL STUDIO OF MARVELLO THE MYSTIC, A RICH CLIENT HEARS A STRANGE PROPHESY...
YES, MRS. RODGERS, YOU WILL SOON HAVE A GREAT CRISIS IN YOUR LIFE!
WH-WHAT CAN IT BE?
AH! THE SPIRIT OF THE GREAT PROPHET SAYS IT MUST BE A SECRET!
A LITTLE LATER...
NEVER MIND! YOU WILL GO HOME NOW! -- REMEMBER MY INSTRUCTION!
I-I FEEL SO WEAK!
... A FAMILIAR FIGURE SEES HER LEAVE -- IT'S THE ANGEL!
JUMPIN' JINGOES! OLD MRS. RODGERS! WHAT IN THE WORLD IS SHE DOING THERE?
MARVELLO THE MYSTIC SEES ALL-- KNOWS ALL!
HE RUSHES OVER TO HER...
HERE'S YOUR BAG, MRS. ROGERS! YOU LOOKED AS IF YOU WERE GOING TO FAINT!
THANKS! OH, HELLO! I-I'M ALL RIGHT! WILL YOU TAKE ME HOME?
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WENT IN FOR FORTUNE-TELLING AND PEOPLE LIKE THE MYSTIC!
I CERTAINLY DON'T!
AS FOR MARVELLO... WHY, I VISITED HIM ABOUT A MONTH AGO! HE'S REALLY QUITE CLEVER!
AFTER MRS. RODGERS BIDS HIM GOOD NIGHT, THE ANGEL WONDERS...
A MONTH AGO? WHY, SHE WALKED OUT OF HIS PLACE LESS THAN TEN MINUTES AGO! AND SHE'S AS PALE AS A GHOST, TOO! VERY STRANGE!
2


THE NEXT MORNING...
WHAT? MRS. RODGERS FOUND DEAD! CORONER SAYS "NATURAL DEATH FROM ANEMIA"!-- LACK OF BLOOD!
THERE'S SOMETHING VERY STRANGE ABOUT HER DEATH!
LET'S SEE WHAT MARVELLO THE MYSTIC KNOWS ABOUT THIS!
MEANWHILE IN MARVELLO'S MAIN STUDIO -- ANOTHER SINISTER PLOT IS BEING HATCHED!
DEEP THERE IN THE CRYSTAL I SEE BLOOD! IT IS YOUR BLOOD, MISS WHITE!
WHAT DOES IT MEAN, GREAT MARVELLO!
SUDDENLY, THE MYSTIC SHOUTS A COMMAND...
SEIZE HER AND REMOVE SOME BLOOD FROM HER ARM!
YES, MASTER!
HELP! HAAAAALP!
JUST AT THIS MOMENT, THE ANGEL ENTERS THE WAITING ROOM.
A WOMAN'S SCREAMS! COMING FROM THAT STUDIO!
3


A HUSKY INDIAN TRIES TO STOP HIM...
NO CAN GO IN!
I'M GOING IN IF I HAVE TO GO THROUGH YOU!
MASTER SAY NO!
WHEW! MIGHTY CLOSE SHAVE!
THIS WON'T CUT SO DEEP, BUT IT'LL HURT PLENTY!
OWWW!
SHE STOPPED SCREAMING-- BUT NOT YOU!
OOOOOH!
NOW TO SEE WHAT'S COOKIN' IN THERE!
SUSPICIOUS OF THE SILENCE WITHIN, THE ANGEL PULLS ASIDE THE CURTAIN, AND EAVESDROPS! ...
HMM! HINDU MAGIC! HE'S PUTTING SOMETHING IN HER ARM! I'D BETTER NOT SHOW MYSELF-- YET!
AH! FIRE! THE MAGIC FLAME IS AT MY COMMAND! NOW I WILL HEAL YOUR ARM WITH THIS SPIT OF FIRE!
Y-YES, GREAT MARVELLO!
Y-YES!
THERE! THE BLEEDING HAS STOPPED!

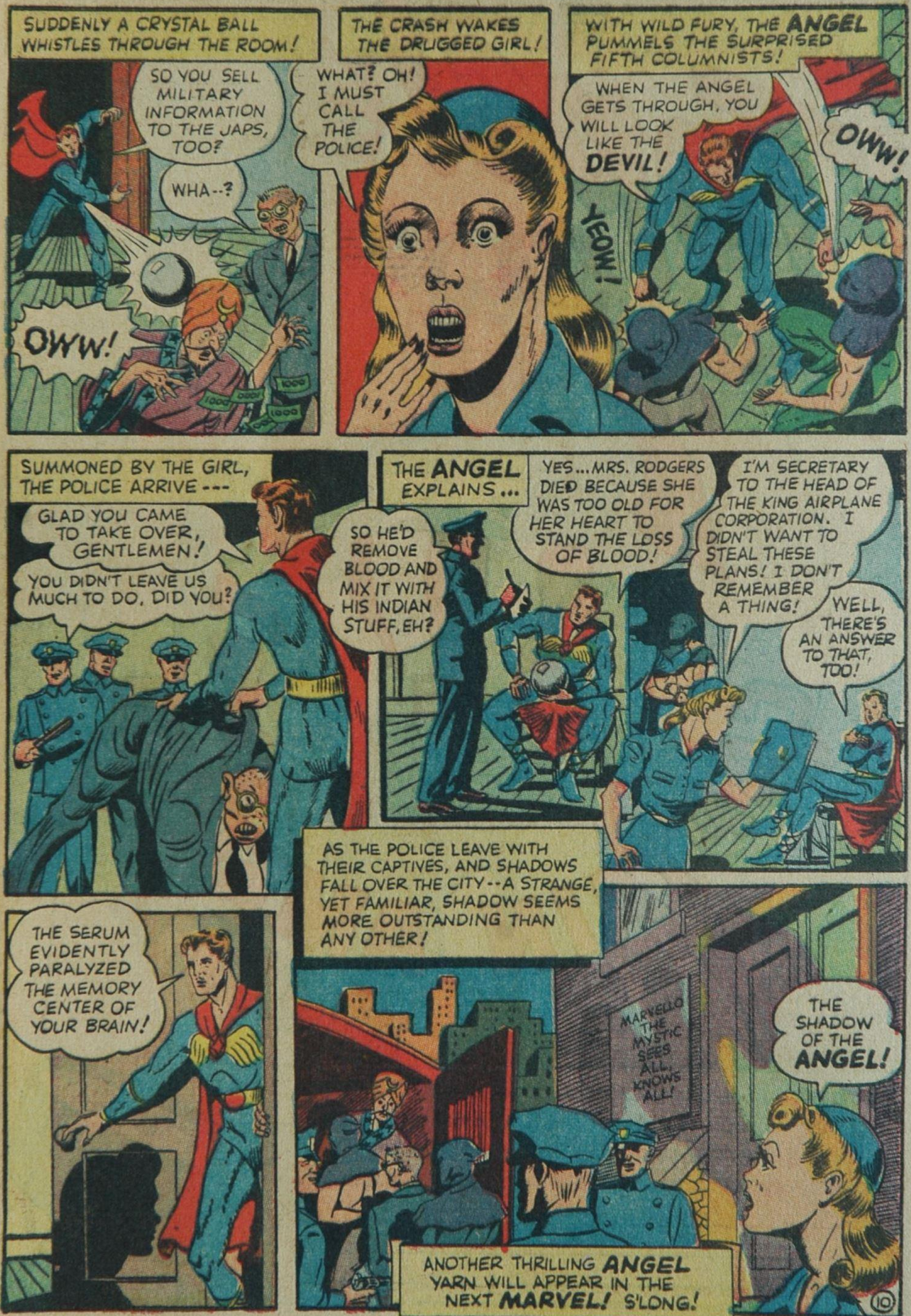
NOW BOW DOWN TO THE ORACLE OF MARVELLO-- AND OBEY!
I WILL DO AS YOU COMMAND, MASTER!
RETURN TO YOUR OFFICE AND REMOVE THE BLUEPRINTS OF THE KING DIVE BOMBER! THEN BRING THEM TO ME!
THE ANGEL SEES THE GIRL ABOUT TO LEAVE BY ANOTHER DOOR.
YES, GREAT MARVELLO! I WILL RETURN QUICKLY WITH THE BLUEPRINTS!
GOOD!
THE INDIAN SERUM WORKS WELL, MASTER!
SHE WILL FORGET EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE COMMAND GIVEN!
SO THAT'S YOUR GAME!
IN CRASHES THE ANGEL!
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU SPIES ARE WORKING FOR, BUT I'LL PUT YOU OUT OF A JOB --PRONTO!
WHA--?
STOP HIM-- OWW!
WE'LL GET HIM, MARVELLO!
5

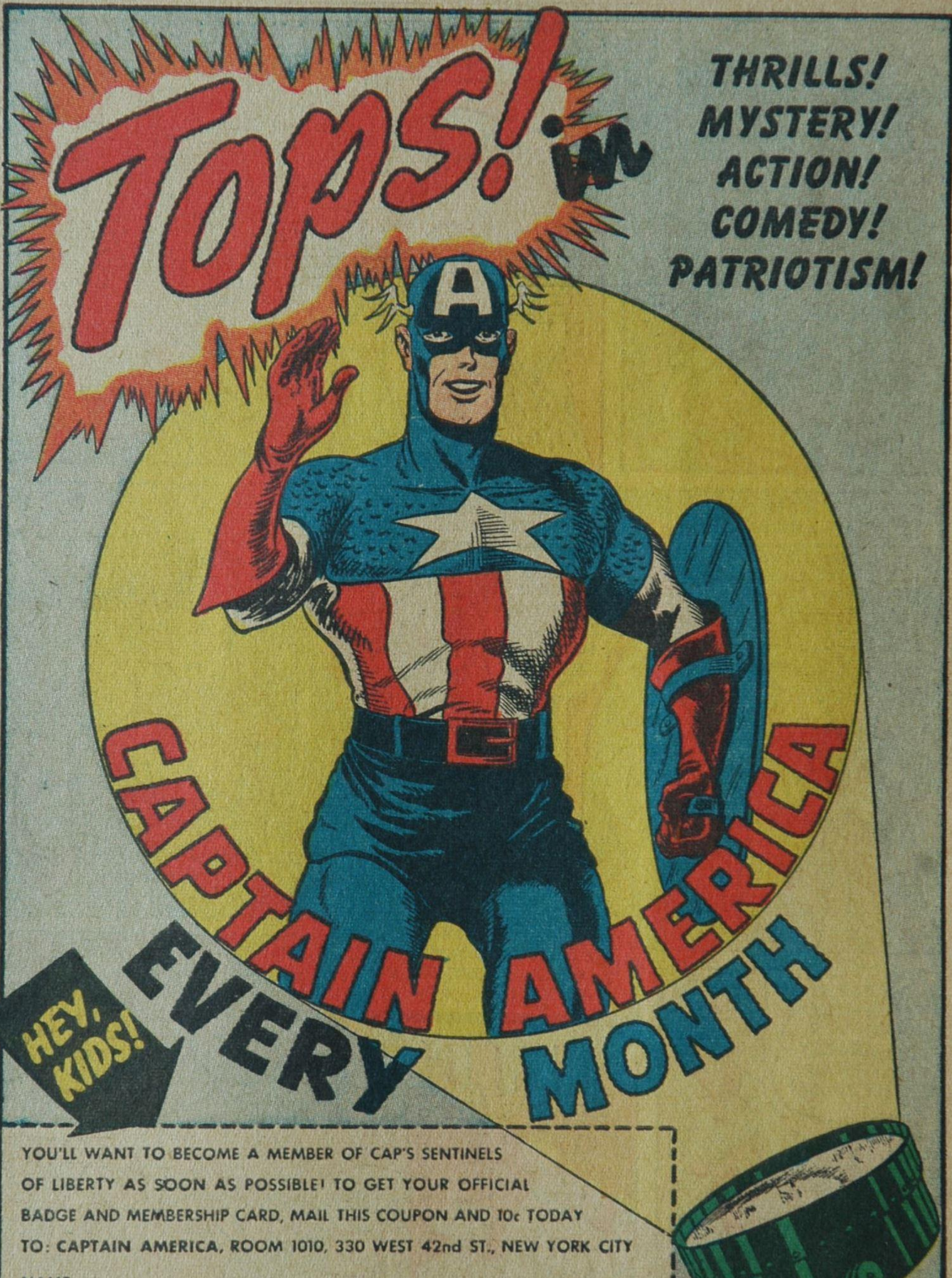

YOU'LL HAVE TO SAVE YOURSELF, FIRST!
OOOF!
WITH A WHIRLWIND MOTION, THE ANGEL LIFTS UP HIS FIRST OPPONENT!
NOW I'LL GIVE YOU A FREE RIDE!--
--TO YOUR BROTHER RAT!
YIYIYI!
UNNOTICED, MARVELLO SEIZES AN OPPORTUNITY...
I'LL CRASH THIS CRYSTAL BALL OVER HIS HEAD!
HIS BACK IS TURNED! NOW!
IN THE NICK OF TIME, THE ANGEL WHEELS, AND ---
I THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN AWAY TOO LONG!
THE WRONG ONE!
THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED TO DO TO ME!
SECONDS LATER, MARVELLO SUDDENLY RUSHES AWAY!
WHAT! HE'S HEADING FOR A BLANK WALL!
6


BUT, AS MARVELLO REACHES THE WALL...
NOW A STEP ON THIS PEDAL!
WOW! THE WALL OPENED!
IF HE'LL ONLY FOLLOW ME INTO THIS PASSAGE!
NOT SO FAST, MISTER HOKUS POKUS!
GET HIM, MEN!
SUDDENLY, THREE MYSTICALLY CLOAKED "ASSISTANTS" RESPOND...
OUR MASTER CALLS!
AN INTRUDER!
MORE OF THEM! HERE'S WHERE MY COLLEGE EDUCATION COMES IN HANDY!
LOOK OUT!
HE'S COMING FAST!
LET'S SEE IF I CAN REMEMBER OUR "THREE-WAY BLOCKING"*!
OOPS!
YEOW!
GOOD OLD SIWASH!
BEFORE THE ANGEL CAN RISE, MARVELLO RUSHES OVER!
AHH! YOU WALKED INTO YOUR OWN TRAP!

YOU'LL NEVER INTERFERE WITH ME AGAIN! TIE HIM UP AND TAKE HIM TO THE SNAKE PIT!
M-MY HEAD!
I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MY FAVORITE BOA CONSTRICTOR, MISTER ANGEL! HA-HA!
THEY WILL BE GOOD FRIENDS, MASTER!
YOU WILL ALSO MEET THE SKELETONS OF OTHERS WHO TRIED TO OUTWIT MARVELLO THE MYSTIC!
THE ANGEL IS THROWN INTO THE PIT WITH THE DEATH-DEALING BOA CONSTRICTOR!
WOW! LOOKS LIKE MARVELLO!
GOOD!
HERE! LOOK INTO THIS CRYSTAL BALL! MAYBE IT'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO GET OUT ALIVE! HA-HA!
MARVELLO AND HIS MEN LEAVE TO AWAIT THE RETURN OF THE DRUGGED GIRL --- WHILE THE ANGEL IS LEFT FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH!
NEVER BEEN IN A SPOT LIKE THIS! GOTTA THINK FAST!
JUST AS THE REPTILE LUNGES, THE ANGEL KICKS THE CRYSTAL, AND ---
I MUST GET HIS MIND OFF ME!
--- THE HORRIBLE BOA IS ATTRACTED BY THE MOVING OBJECT!
NOW'S MY CHANCE!
8

THE ANGEL MAKES A RUNNING LEAP!
SORRY TO MAKE A REAR APPROACH --BUT IT'S SAFER THAT WAY!
THIS'LL KNOCK YOU OUT FOR A WHILE!
CRUNCH!
LEAVING THE STUNNED BOA, HE DASHES TO THE PADLOCKED DOOR!
I HAVEN'T A SECOND TO LOSE BEFORE THAT BLONDE COMES BACK WITH THE BLUEPRINTS!
FLEXING HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES, THE ANGEL PULLS THE WIRE GRATE OUT!
I'LL CUT MY WRIST ROPES ON THE EDGE OF THE WIRE!
AND NOW TO GET MARVELLO THE MYSTIC!
MEANWHILE, IN MARVELLO'S OFFICE...
AS I SAID--$5,000 FOR THE BLUEPRINTS, IF DELIVERED THIS EVENING!
SOMETHING MUST HAVE DELAY---- OH! HERE SHE COMES!
THEY ARE ALL RIGHT!- YOU HAVE SMART BRAINS, MARVELLO!
YES! WITH AN INJECTION OF MY SECRET INDIAN DRUG MIXED INTO THEIR BLOOD, I MAKE PEOPLE DO WHAT I COMMAND! HA-HA!
YES, GREAT MARVELLO!
9


SUDDENLY A CRYSTAL BALL WHISTLES THROUGH THE ROOM!
SO YOU SELL MILITARY INFORMATION TO THE JAPS, TOO?
WHA--?
OWW!
1000
THE CRASH WAKES THE DRUGGED GIRL!
WHAT? OH! I MUST CALL THE POLICE!
WITH WILD FURY, THE **ANGEL** PUMMELS THE SURPRISED FIFTH COLUMNISTS!
WHEN THE ANGEL GETS THROUGH, YOU WILL LOOK LIKE THE **DEVIL!**
OWW!
YEOW!
SUMMONED BY THE GIRL, THE POLICE ARRIVE ---
GLAD YOU CAME TO TAKE OVER, GENTLEMEN!
YOU DIDN'T LEAVE US MUCH TO DO, DID YOU?
THE **ANGEL** EXPLAINS...
SO HE'D REMOVE BLOOD AND MIX IT WITH HIS INDIAN STUFF, EH?
YES...MRS. RODGERS DIED BECAUSE SHE WAS TOO OLD FOR HER HEART TO STAND THE LOSS OF BLOOD!
I'M SECRETARY TO THE HEAD OF THE KING AIRPLANE CORPORATION. I DIDN'T WANT TO STEAL THESE PLANS! I DON'T REMEMBER A THING!
WELL, THERE'S AN ANSWER TO THAT, TOO!
THE SERUM EVIDENTLY PARALYZED THE MEMORY CENTER OF YOUR BRAIN!
AS THE POLICE LEAVE WITH THEIR CAPTIVES, AND SHADOWS FALL OVER THE CITY--A STRANGE, YET FAMILIAR, SHADOW SEEMS MORE OUTSTANDING THAN ANY OTHER!
MARVELLO THE MYSTIC SEES ALL, KNOWS ALL!
THE SHADOW OF THE **ANGEL!**
ANOTHER THRILLING **ANGEL** YARN WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT **MARVEL!** S'LONG!
10

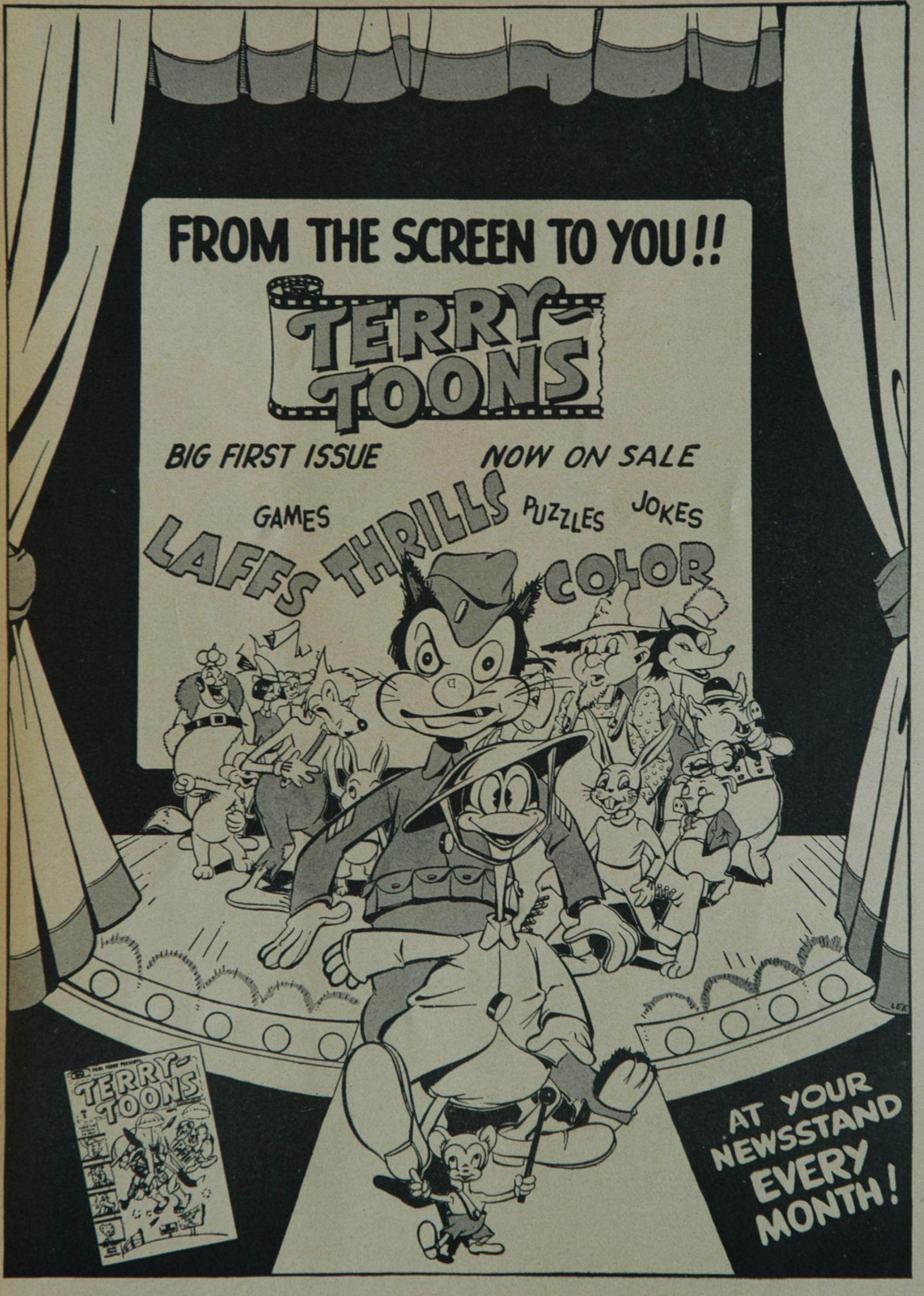

Tops! in
THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
HEY, KIDS!
EVERY
MONTH
LEE
KING

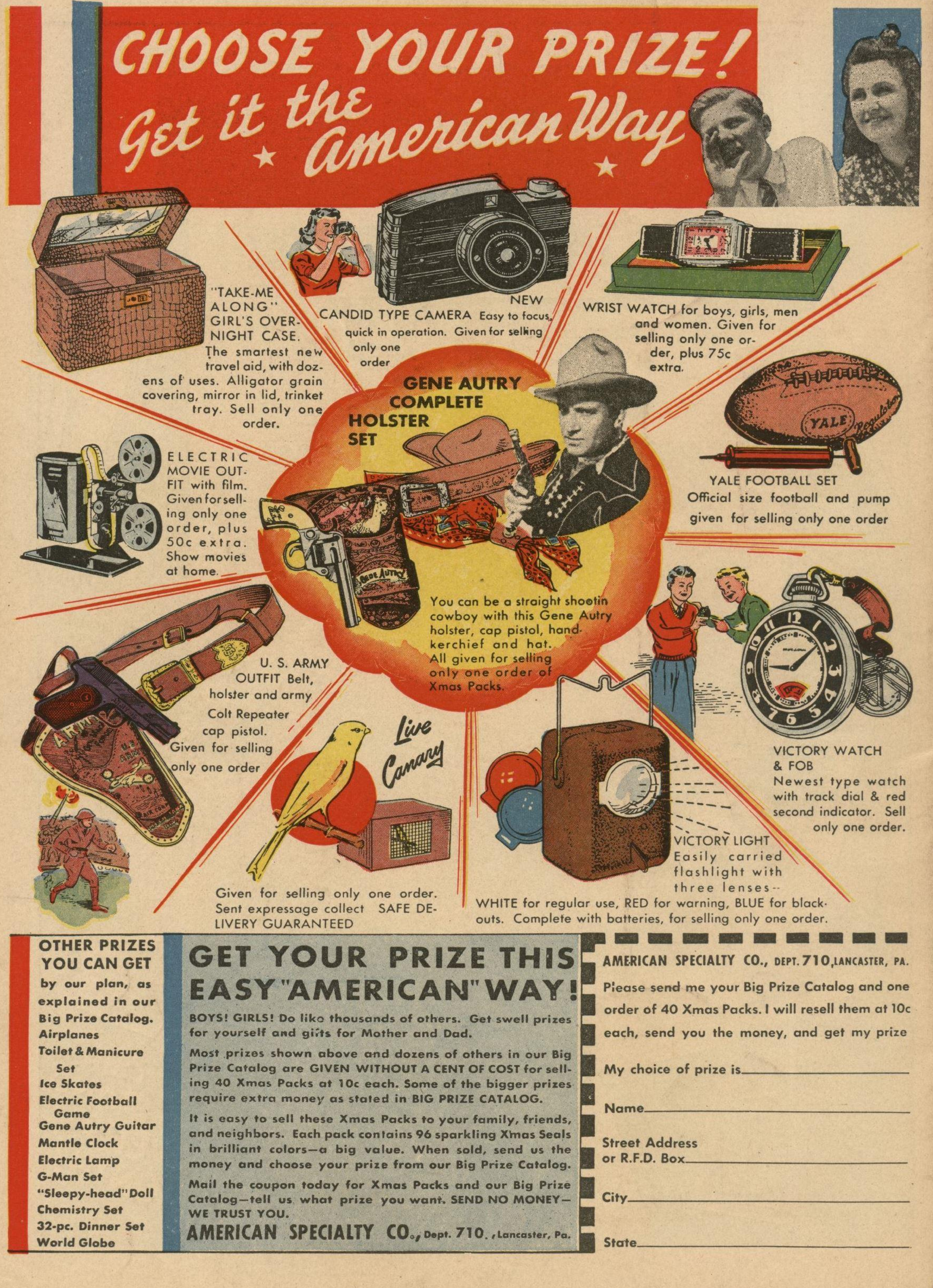
YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10¢ TODAY TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

NAME____________________________

STREET____________________________

CITY AND STATE____________________________


FROM THE SCREEN TO YOU!!
TERRY-TOONS
BIG FIRST ISSUE
NOW ON SALE
GAMES
LAFFS
THRILLS
PUZZLES
JOKES
COLOR
PAUL TERRY PRESENTS
TERRY-TOONS
LEE
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND EVERY MONTH!



CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE! Get it the American Way

"TAKE-ME ALONG" GIRL'S OVERNIGHT CASE. The smartest new travel aid, with dozens of uses. Alligator grain covering, mirror in lid, trinket tray. Sell only one order.

NEW CANDID TYPE CAMERA Easy to focus, quick in operation. Given for selling only one order

WRIST WATCH for boys, girls, men and women. Given for selling only one order, plus 75c extra.

GENE AUTRY COMPLETE HOLSTER SET

You can be a straight shootin cowboy with this Gene Autry holster, cap pistol, handkerchief and hat. All given for selling only one order of Xmas Packs.

ELECTRIC MOVIE OUTFIT with film. Given for selling only one order, plus 50c extra. Show movies at home.

YALE FOOTBALL SET Official size football and pump given for selling only one order

U. S. ARMY OUTFIT Belt, holster and army Colt Repeater cap pistol. Given for selling only one order

Live Canary

Given for selling only one order. Sent expressage collect SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED

VICTORY WATCH & FOB Newest type watch with track dial & red second indicator. Sell only one order.

VICTORY LIGHT Easily carried flashlight with three lenses--WHITE for regular use, RED for warning, BLUE for blackouts. Complete with batteries, for selling only one order.

OTHER PRIZES YOU CAN GET by our plan, as explained in our Big Prize Catalog.

- Airplanes
- Toilet & Manicure Set
- Ice Skates
- Electric Football Game
- Gene Autry Guitar
- Mantle Clock
- Electric Lamp
- G-Man Set
- "Sleepy-head" Doll
- Chemistry Set
- 32-pc. Dinner Set
- World Globe

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY "AMERICAN" WAY!

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself and gifts for Mother and Dad.

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Catalog are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in BIG PRIZE CATALOG.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Catalog.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Catalog—tell us what prize you want. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 710, Lancaster, Pa.

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Please send me your Big Prize Catalog and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize

My choice of prize is________________

Name________________

Street Address
or R.F.D. Box________________

City________________

State________________